

The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

Vol. CLXXXIII. No. 2381

London
February 12, 1947



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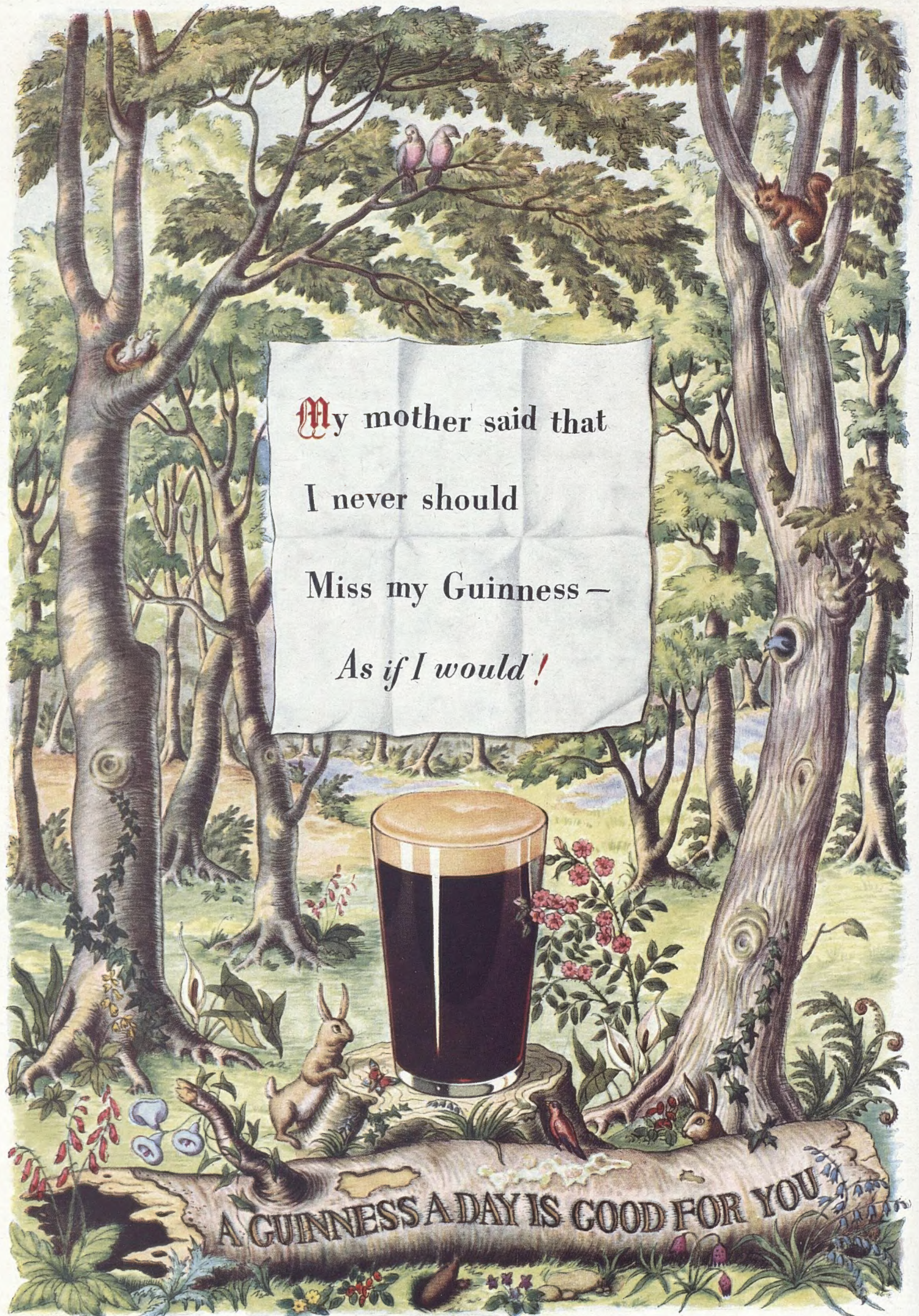


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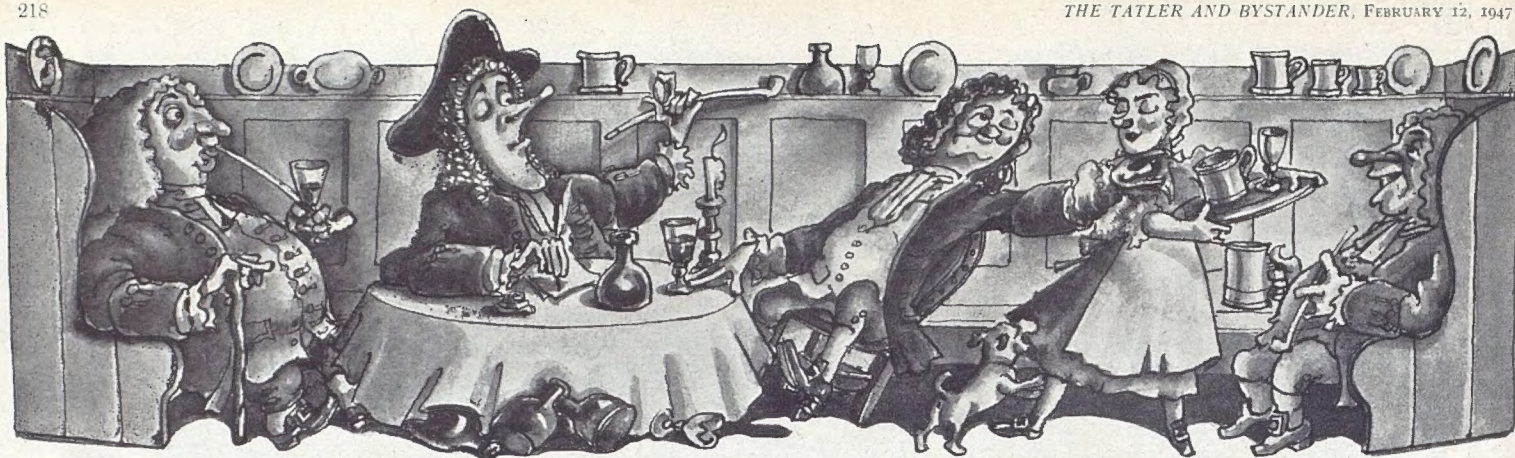
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Marcus Adams

The Countess of Inchcape with her Children

The Countess of Inchcape, wife of the third Earl of Inchcape, lives at Glenapp Castle, Ayrshire, and has two children, the four-year-old Viscount Glenapp and Lady Lucinda Mackay, who is five. The Countess, who was chairman of a very successful dance in the autumn in aid of the Invalid Kitchens of London, was formerly Miss Aline Pease, only daughter of Sir Richard and Lady Pease of Richmond, Yorkshire. The Earl of Inchcape, who succeeded his father in 1939, served during the war in the 27th Lancers. His grandfather, the first Earl, was the famous merchant-banker, and a valued adviser to the Government



Decorations by Wysard

Sean Fielding

Portraits in Print

I FIND myself delighted with a good friend who, in truly imaginative circumstances, this day presented me with a very early volume of *THE TATLER*. This splendid obligation measures, in its now scratched and faded calf binding, no more than three inches by five. It is Volume II, is dated 1709, and its title page states that herein are the "Lucubrations of Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq."

Huddled deep in our coats and breathing heavily in the thin, cold air, we were striding past Temple Bar. "Which (said my friend) is the oldest coffee-house in Fleet Street?" Now this is something of a trick question and I could reply only to the best of my knowledge: "I believe—The Rainbow, or, it might be Peele's; but I am not absolutely certain. Why do you ask?" He replied that he had a small present for me and that he wished to give it to me in suitable surroundings. Thus, we went into The Rainbow and there he gave me *THE TATLER*, what time I trust the ghosts of Steele and Addison looked benignly down upon us if not upon our modern beverage (which would certainly not have interested that famous literary pair.)

Bow

THE TATLER made its first appearance on April 12, 1709, a couple of years after Steele had entered journalism as gazetteer of the official *Gazette* and found, as editors since have found, that his main duty was "to keep the paper very innocent and very insipid."

He did not use his own name on *THE TATLER* for some time but hid it beneath "Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq.," the better to defeat the too-curious eyes of creditors, who were at that time pressing him. His journal was a success from the start and, notwithstanding the claims of Addison's protagonists, was firmly on its feet long before the two men joined forces. He published it three times a week as part newspaper and part journal of politics and society. Defoe and others anticipated him, of course, in retailing and commenting upon social news but he took the art further than they and then

gradually (and with Addison's aid) introduced into *THE TATLER* essays on general questions of manners and morality. And to this he added the special advantage he enjoyed, as official gazetteer, for gathering important political news.

By and large he did very well indeed, and it was a considerable misfortune, surely, which forced him to wind the paper up in January, 1711. What precisely this was has never been made clear; true, he lost his post as gazetteer but that in itself would seem an insufficient reason. Could it have been that he was coffee-housing too much? or tossing too many pots? Had his creditors uncovered his secret? Was the printer unpaid? Did the burden of editorship (no mean one) weigh too heavily upon him? One would give a great deal to know the answer. But whatever it may have been, it neither blights nor dulls the charm of his writing.

Objective

I QUOTE from his paper of September 17, 1709: "It is, as far as it relates to our present Being, the End of Education to raise ourselves above the Vulgar; but what is intended by the Vulgar, is not, methinks, sufficiently understood. In me, indeed, that Word raises a quite different idea from what it usually does in others; but perhaps that proceeds from my being old, and beginning to want the Relish of such Satisfaction as are the ordinary Entertainment of Men. However, such as my Opinion is in this Case, I will speak it; because it is possible that the Turn of Thought may be received by others, who may reap as much Satisfaction from it as I do myself. . . ."

It is pleasant to turn the leaves of the volume. What—and who—was behind this: "On Saturday night last a Gentlewoman's Husband strayed from the Playhouse in the Hay-market. If the Lady who was seen to take him up will restore him, she shall be asked no questions, he being of no Use but to the Owner. Meantime his darling Sons hang upon his lips, and a strict Virtue appears in the whole Family."

I hold that it cannot have been so bad a thing to have lived in those days, despite the dirty necks behind the white ruffles, the absence of Scotch whisky, the livid immorality and the appalling state of the poor. Certainly the eighteenth-century authors and scribblers could devote themselves to their arts with freedom, and few were inhibited in their comments. Consider, in your passing, the case of Dr.

George Cheyne. This remarkable Scotsman, after early days of very frugal living, came south and indulged himself so freely of what was to be had as to put on weight measuring thirty-two stones. The very side of his coach had to be cut away to allow him the smallest freedom of movement. Glooming over this condition and seeking to remedy it, he dieted himself upon milk and vegetables and readily reduced himself to proportions the less by two thirds. Thereupon he wrote *An Essay on Health and Long Life*. For all that it was a good and wise book, well received by those of grosser physical aspect, a scurvy colleague addressed this epigram to him:

Tell me from whom, fat-headed Scot,
Thou didst thy system learn;
From Hippocrate thou hadst it not,
Nor Celcus nor Pitcairne.

Suppose we own that milk is good,
And say the same of grass;
The one for babes is only food,
The other for an ass.

Doctor! one new prescription try,
(A friend's advice forgive;)
Eat grass, reduce thyself, and die,
Thy patients then may live.

Retort

DID Dr. George issue a writ for libel? Did he complain to the General Medical Council of the day? He took neither of these two courses of action, but set himself to reply thus:

My system, doctor, is my own,
No tutor I pretend;
My blunders hurt myself alone,
But yours your dearest friend.

Were you to milk and straw confined,
Thrice happy might you be;
Perhaps you might regain your mind,
And from your wit get free.

I can't your kind prescription try,
But heartily forgive;
'Tis natural you should wish me die,
That you yourself may live.



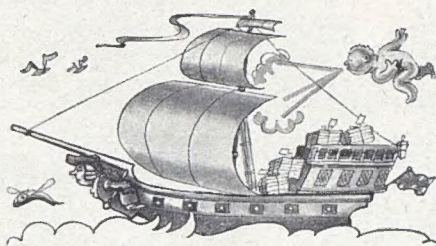
It is proper to add that, pursuing his diet (and encouraging many others to do likewise), he remained healthy and strong, wrote another and tremendous book called *The English Malady, or a Treatise of Nervous Diseases*, and finally retired to Bath where he died, aged seventy-two, in mild contentment and some affluence.

Ailment

CHEYNE's *English Malady* provides a classic view of that profoundly disturbing state of nervous disorder which, it is not unfair to say, fell upon nearly all the great figures of his time. It was a species of melancholy, sublimated only by the most desperate efforts, and afflicted so many as wholly to justify Cheyne's bald and brutal name for it.

THE TATLER of which I have been speaking is dedicated to Edward Wortley Montagu and it is his wife, Lady Mary, who now falls naturally into our picture since she, a striking figure in an age of great beauty and wit, must be placed among those who were touched with the malady. One is numbed by the sadness of some of her letters: "I have such a complication of things both in my head and my heart that I do not very well know what I do, and if I cannot settle my brains your next news of me will be that I am locked up by my relations. In the meantime, I lock myself up and keep my distraction as private as possible."

At that time (1725), she had, in all truth, much to concern her for she was being violently assailed for her determined views upon inoculation for smallpox, which practice she is freely credited with having introduced to this country. Years before, when living



"TATLER" OVERSEAS

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outside Constantinople (Edward Wortley Montagu was Ambassador to Turkey then), she had risked inoculating her son, and with success.

She also had her troubles with Alexander Pope, that polished if vain seeker for early fame, who is said once to have declared his passion for her and received only the echo of her laughter.

Pope was convinced (probably with justice) that hers was the pen which inscribed "*A Pop upon Pope; or a true and faithful account of the late horrid and barbarous whipping, committed on the body of Sawney Pope, poet, as he was innocently walking in Ham Walks, near the River Thames, meditating verses for the good of the public. Supposed to have been done by two evil-disposed persons out of spite and revenge for a harmless lampoon which the said poet had writ upon them.*"

The poet, so sharp-toothed with his own

meticulous satires, could in nowise take this piece of nonsense and did himself much harm by inserting in the *Daily Post* (June 14, 1728) a notice: "Whereas there has been a scandalous paper cried aloud about the streets under the title 'A Pop Upon Pope,' insinuating that I was whipped in Ham Walks on Thursday last; this is to give notice that I did not stir out of my house at Twickenham on that day and the same is a malicious and ill-grounded report."

Decline

NOR was this all. Pope steadily conceived a hate for Lady Mary and was in it aided and abetted by Horace Walpole. He attacked her again and again, notably in *An Imitation of the First Satire of the Second Book of Horace*. The blows of a mischievous Fate did not slacken. Her son, Edward, was considered as near mad as made little difference, although he was a man of unquestioned talent; her exceptional beauty was destroyed by a shocking skin disease; her favourite sister was mentally deranged and her husband became a miser. In August, 1762, this woman died, bowed with sorrow and divested of the approbation which a later and more gentle age was to restore to her.

YET withal I think hers was a great Age. There was no doubt that when you pinked a man his blood ran red; the lampoons that were hurled left their victims raw and gasping; THE TATLER of Steele and Addison was short-lived, but magnificent and vital. Sam Johnson was about and Marlborough was mostly on the Continent. Garrick was at "The Lane."

It is strictly permissible to think upon such matters.

At THE COURT of ST. JAMES'S

SENIOR members of the diplomatic colony in London have been saying farewell to one of their indispensable colleagues, the Nepalese Minister, who has gone home to the distant Himalayan kingdom after serving in battle-scarred Britain with distinction.

During the worst raids I asked H.R.H. General Sir Shingha Shumshere Jung Bahadur Rana, K.B.E., whether he did not think he should follow the example of many other heads of missions, by spending weekends, or part of the week, in the country. He replied that he had discussed the matter with his wife, Her Royal Highness, daughter of the late King of Nepal, and she had given the plain, frank answer, "I would rather die with you than live without you."

OUR farewell, which, as with previous interviews, was in the calm atmosphere of the library on the ground floor that brings memories of far-away Katmandu, was sad, but had its touches of colour. I learnt of the disappointment felt by many newspapers that it was impossible to present pictures for publication of the Minister's young daughter, whose beauty is renowned throughout Nepal, India, and, of course, in strictly intimate circles in these isles.

Recently the General and his family and staff have travelled "hard" through Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Prague, Budapest, Belgrade, Sofia, Istanbul, Ankara, Athens, and Lausanne. They sought no advantages over ordinary tourists, though the temptation to the young woman must have been trying in Budapest and Istanbul, Prague and Paris.

Ambassadors and Ministers have asked me for the secret of the Minister's triumph as chief of a delegation from a country whose war record is recognized in one word, "Gurkhas." The envoy maintained a home where the privileged could call for refreshers at a fountain of peace and wisdom, enjoy conversation free from telephone interruptions, suffer no appearance on tables of notes, notes and again notes.

BENEATH the unruffled surface, among powerful men who work without the aid of microphones, world interest is growing in Peru, culturally the oldest South American state, whose Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary at St. James's is Senor Don Fernando Berckemeyer. (I must not call him one of the youngest, for the matter, now the subject of investigation, affects two other envoys in London.)

With vast natural riches, minerals, and boundless

forests in the Amazonian basin, Peru is the centre of the famed Inca Empire, which was subjugated about four centuries ago by Pizarro. Peru is five times the area of these isles, and the 7,000,000 inhabitants send us, or would wish to supply, some of the best wool and cotton in the world, petroleum, sugar and vanadium.

Compulsory education from the age of seven to fourteen is free, the principal university in Lima dates back to 1551, and the State provides facilities for rural schools for the Indians. Socially, too, the Peruvians are progressive, insist upon medical examinations before marriage, permit divorce where absence can be proved "without just cause for fifty days," or because of "incompatibility of temperament," or by mutual consent.

SON of a prominent banker and industrialist, the Envoy studied in his birthplace, Lima, and continued his education in the United States. At school he was fond of football and running, showed plenty of nerve. He chose diplomacy, and after holding consular posts in the U.S.A. was sent to London and, recently, as Minister in Sweden. Then, a return to London, and the Embassy status.

His Excellence is anxious that more Britons should come to his old university, motor over some of the highest roads in the world, and see the famed festivals. Anglo-Peruvian trade has resumed part of its flow, "but not sufficiently" to satisfy the Envoy. Locomotives "as magnificent as it is possible to imagine" bear the British name fifteen and more thousand feet up, but they were ordered six, seven or eight years ago.

And it may be concluded safely that the Ambassador will win the last round.



H.E. the Peruvian Ambassador's wife

Fayer

George Bilainkin.

JAMES AGATE

At The Pictures

No Hysteria, Please



Kathleen Ryan, a twenty-three years old Irish actress, who plays opposite James Mason in "Odd Man Out"

ONE of the results of a lifetime spent judging Hackney classes at the horse shows is that one is prepared to classify anything and anybody. For example, if I am asked for the name of the world's six greatest composers, I reply on the instant: "Bach, Beethoven, Haydn, Handel, Mozart and Wagner." If the questing ass wants to know whom I would put seventh, I just say, "Let Berlioz, Mendels-

sohn, Brahms, Schubert, Strauss, Verdi, and Tchaikovsky fight it out." Personally I should pull in Schubert and go to lunch satisfied that the class had been perfectly judged.

THE same with men of letters. If anybody asks me which six English writers will be read in a thousand years from now, I say: Well, we must leave out Shakespeare, who is *hors concours*. Then it would be nice to pretend that Milton will be read. But the pretence has already started. He isn't. I believe you could walk from Putney to Hackney Wick without meeting a single soul who had read a single line of this monumental and boring old buffer. "Would you have *Paradise Lost* any longer?" somebody asked Lamb. And Charles, who stuttered, replied, "N-n-no. But then I wouldn't want the m-m-moon to be any r-r-rounder."

However, don't let's beat about the bush. The six English writers who are going to be read one thousand years from now are Boswell, Lamb, Wordsworth, Dickens, Kipling and Lewis Carroll. No, my sweethearts, not one word will survive of all our Huxleys, Forsters, Joyces and the other clever-clevers.

THIS question of lists has been brought up by a young colleague who writes about *Odd Man Out* (Odeon): "This is the best film that I have ever seen. It is more than a milestone. It is a terminus. And if films are hereafter to go forward, they must do so by the blazing of a fresh trail in virgin technical-country whose fringes we have touched, but not yet trodden."

I permit myself to tell this young enthusiast that this is sheer hysteria and likely to do the film harm instead of good. Of course I don't

know how many films this young critic has seen. There must be a difference in the outlook of the old fogey who has been looking at pictures since the days of the early Chaplins, and that of the innocent who began serious celluloid study after the war and has been propelled, so to speak, straight from his nurse's lap on to the knees of Betty Grable.

Odd Man Out is not the world's best film. It is not in the world's best six. Nor yet in the best twelve. Here are a dozen that are incontestably better, and I present them in the order in which they occur to me:

1, *Broken Blossoms*. 2, *Way Down East*. 3, *The Battleship Potemkin*. 4, *The Gold Rush*. 5, *Earth*. 6, *A Farewell to Arms*. 7, *Un Carnet de Bal*. 8, *Dark Victory*. 9, *Sous les Toits de Paris*. 10, *The Little Foxes*. 11, *Quai des Brumes*. 12, *The Way to the Stars*.

And I could go on. What about *La Kermesse Héroïque*? What about *Citizen Kane* and *The Magnificent Ambersons*? What about *Intolerance* and *The Petrified Forest*? What about *The Blue Angel* (I can hear that cockcrow yet)? And *Pépé le Moko* (that mechanical piano jangles in my ears to this day)? And that film over which I have spent gallons of ink in the effort to get it revived, the film called *No Greater Glory*? For myself I shouldn't put *Odd Man Out* among the best fifty that I have seen in twenty-six years of professional picture-gazing. But perhaps my young colleague hasn't seen fifty pictures?

YOU don't do Great Gable any good by saying that it is as striking to look at as the Matterhorn or is as high as Mont Blanc. The thing to do is to say that it is a very noble lump of rock, after which you can go on to point out what, from a climber's point of view, are its virtues and its defects.

Let me begin with the defects of *Odd Man Out*. (1) The title is bad. *Odd Man Out* is a title for a comedy and not for heavy, doom-filled tragedy. (2) The film is at least thirty minutes too long. (3) It doesn't begin to have humour, if one excludes a certain sadistic mockery. And how important it is to have humour in a tragedy, and particularly an Irish tragedy, every student of O'Casey knows. (4) The incident of the drunken painter doesn't fit, though this may be the fault of the playing. Robert Newton gives one the impression of having rehearsed Svengali in a provincial tour of *Trilby* which was cancelled at the last moment, and of having pitchforked the du Maurier character into Irish surroundings with which it has nothing to do. This is drama in the Café Royal manner. (5) The police are too gentlemanly. (6) There are too

many dull patches. (7) The story as a whole isn't good enough. A man commits a murder, is wounded and agonises for eight hours while trying to escape the police, whereas we in the audience know that the enemy he is fighting is death. But never for one moment does the tragedy light up as it should. Consider Mrs. Tancred's speech in *Juno and Paycock*:

"Me home is gone, now; he was me only child, an' to think that he was lyin' for a whole night stretched out on the side of a lonely country lane, with his head, his darlin' head, that I often kissed an' fondled, half hidden in the wather of a runnin' brook. An' I'm told he was the leadher of the ambush where me nex' door neighbour, Mrs. Mannin', lost her Free State soldier son. An' now here's the two of us oul' women, standin' one on each side of a scales o' sorra, balanced be the bodies of our two dead darlin' sons. Mother o' God, Mother o' God, have pity on the pair of us! . . . O Blessed Virgin, where were you when me darlin' son was riddled with bullets, when me darlin' son was riddled with bullets! . . . Sacred Heart of the Crucified Jesus, take away our hearts o' stone . . . an' give us hearts o' flesh! . . . Take away this murdherin' hate . . . an' give us Thine own eternal love!"

This is magnificent stuff which gets its magnificence from the background against which it is set—the Paycock preening himself, Mrs. Madigan drunk, Joxer bawling and the whole fused into the blare of a cheap gramophone. Compare James Mason's attempt to bring off the same thing by spouting Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians. That this is sensational does not conceal the fact that it is artificial and unbelievable and doesn't come out of the character or the situation, whereas Mrs. Tancred's speech does. The thing in Mason's hands is a cadenza, no more.

THESE things being said, let me admit that the film is one of the best that has ever come out of a British studio. That it has captured the Irish back streets to a marvel. That it is full of that visual cinema about which the highbrows get so excited—a bouncing ball, the upset of a dustbin lid. That James Mason gives a superb performance of a hunted animal about whom we know no more at the end than we do at the beginning. That there are magnificent delineations of human scum, notably by Cyril Cusack and F. J. McCormick. That it places Carol Reed in the very forefront of British directors. And that, finally, if he wants to remain there, he must get hold of a better story for his next.

"HARRY, PLEASE DON'T!"

A dramatic moment from Laurence Olivier's latest venture, the new American comedy, *Born Yesterday*, at the Garrick. The play, by Garson Kanin, concerns the efforts of a racketeer, Harry Brock, played by Hartley Power, to educate his blonde associate Billie Dawn (Yolande Donlan) up to a rather higher standard of sharp practice than she is used. But education requires a teacher, and teachers, too, are human. The humorous possibilities latent in such a theme have been astutely exploited and the acting is more than competent, while the whole production bears, in its pace and polish, the unmistakable Olivier stamp



SHOW GUIDE

Straight Plays

Jane (Aldwych). Comedy by S. N. Behrman from Somerset Maugham's short story, with Yvonne Arnaud and Ronald Squire.

She Wanted a Cream Front Door (Apollo). Robertson Hare again, with Peter Haddon.

The Guinea Pig (Criterion). Humour and serious thought based on the Fleming Report on public schools. Excellent acting in a first-rate play.

Message For Margaret (Duchess). Emotion and conflict between the wife and the mistress of a dead man, with Flora Robson giving one of the best performances of her career.

Caste (Duke of York's). T. W. Robertson's comedy-drama, originally presented in 1867, with Marie Lohr, Diana Churchill, Morland Graham. A delightful old-world play.

Fools Rush In (Fortune). Joyce Barbour, Bernard Lee, Brenda Bruce and Nigel Patrick in another amusing story of the *Quiet Wedding* type.

Born Yesterday (Garrick). Hartley Power and Yolande Donlan in Laurence Olivier's production of this new American comedy.

The Gleam (Globe). Warren Chatham Strode's new play based on another of the most important of today's problems gives food for thought and good entertainment.

The Winslow Boy (Lyric). Terence Rattigan's fine play on the Archer-Shee case with Angela Baddeley, Frank Cellier and Emlin Williams.

The Old Vic Theatre Company (New) in *Cyrano de Bergerac*, *The Alchemist*, and *An Inspector Calls*, with Sir Ralph Richardson, Nicholas Hannen, Margaret Leighton, Joyce Redman and Alec Guinness.

Caviar To The General (New Lindsey). An amusing satirical comedy on Russian-American relations with some delightfully wicked performances from Eugenie Leontovich, John McLaren and Bonar Colleano, Jr. **Antony and Cleopatra** (Piccadilly). Shakespeare's tragedy, with Edith Evans and Godfrey Tearle.

Lady Frederick (Savoy). Coral Browne as that charming adventuress, Lady Frederick Berolles, in a revival of Somerset Maugham's first stage success.

But For The Grace Of God (St. James's). Epigrammatic Lonsdale wit by A. E. Matthews and Mary Jerrold, and murder and manly reticence by Hugh McDermott and Robert Douglas.

Fifty-Fifty (Strand). A farce about a factory run by the workers in the form of the House of Commons, with Harry Green and Frank Pettingel.

No Room At The Inn (Winter Garden). Freda Jackson as a sadistic woman in charge of evacuees. Powerful acting in a powerful play.

Clutterbuck (Wyndham's). Basil Radford, Naunton Wayne, Patricia Burke and Constance Cummings on a cruise which ends in amusing complications.

With Music

Sweetest and Lowest (Ambassadors). Hermione Gingold, Henry Kendall, deliciously malicious as ever.

Pacific, 1860 (Drury Lane). Noel Coward's new operetta with Mary Martin. The Coward touch is, as always, tuneful, accomplished and spectacular.

Perchance to Dream (Hippodrome). Music and romance in the Novello manner with Barry Sinclair and Roma Beaumont.

Under The Counter (Phoenix). Cicely Courtneidge blithely dealing in the Black Market, ably assisted by Cyril Raymond and Thorley Walters.

Between Ourselves (Playhouse). New revue by Eric Maschwitz.

Piccadilly Hayride (Prince of Wales). Sid Field in person at the top of a great supporting cast.

The Shephard Show (Princes). Richard Hearne, Eddie Gray, Douglas Byng, Arthur Riscoe and Marie Burke as the leading lights.

Children's Shows

Red Riding Hood (Adelphi). Nervo and Knox.

Mother Goose (Casino). Stanley Holloway, Celia Lipton.

The Wizard Of Oz (Saville). Claude Hulbert, Walter Crisham, Raymond Lovell.



The Mayor of Bellington (Frank Freeman) is so busy learning his speech that, to the horror of the Town Clerk (Alec Finter), he forgets his chain of office, while the local reporter (Alan Lawrance) makes a note



Triumph: Henry Brown (Clifford Mollison), aided and abetted by his secretary-fiancée (Beryl Mason), rings up the Ministry to inform them of progress

At the

"The Man From The

NOBODY who has ever had dealings with a Government department can fail to be delighted by Miss Madeline Bingham's comedy—and not to belong to that harassed and thwarted section of the public becomes every day a matter of greater difficulty. Government officials themselves—reputed to be an even more numerous class—may possibly chuckle over an exposure of their misdemeanours which is so consistently good-humoured. From some of the more knowing touches they may be led to suspect the hand of a Fifth Columnist; and loyal indignation at the betrayal of office secrets will add a zest to their natural enjoyment. So the comedy is theoretically and, I hope, practically assured of a good run.

MISS BINGHAM's joke at the expense of one of the Ministries of reconstruction is simple but, though developed with no great subtlety, effective. It begins with a demobilized paratrooper in quest of a house. Using the Ministry's fire-escape in preference to its ante-rooms he succeeds in making personal contact with one of the high officials, only to suffer the fate of lesser mortals. If he wants a house he must first get a local authority. The said authority will then provide him with the necessary forms.

Sergeant Brown has no local authority, and it seems to him best to abscond with a liberal supply of the Ministry's forms and the official's typist, already under notice. Thus equipped, he has no difficulty in finding a town council anxious to build houses, and no less grateful than surprised that the man from the Ministry, so far from obstructing their scheme, should be impatient of red tape and determined to get things done. At his blandly masterful touch difficulties simply disappear. A shortage of labour is met by closing down the local munition works, the need for wood by requisitioning



The Skittish Elsie (Ysanne Churchman) trips lightly off to the opening ceremony, followed by Phyllis (Joan Berly) summoning up as much animation as she can muster

Theatre

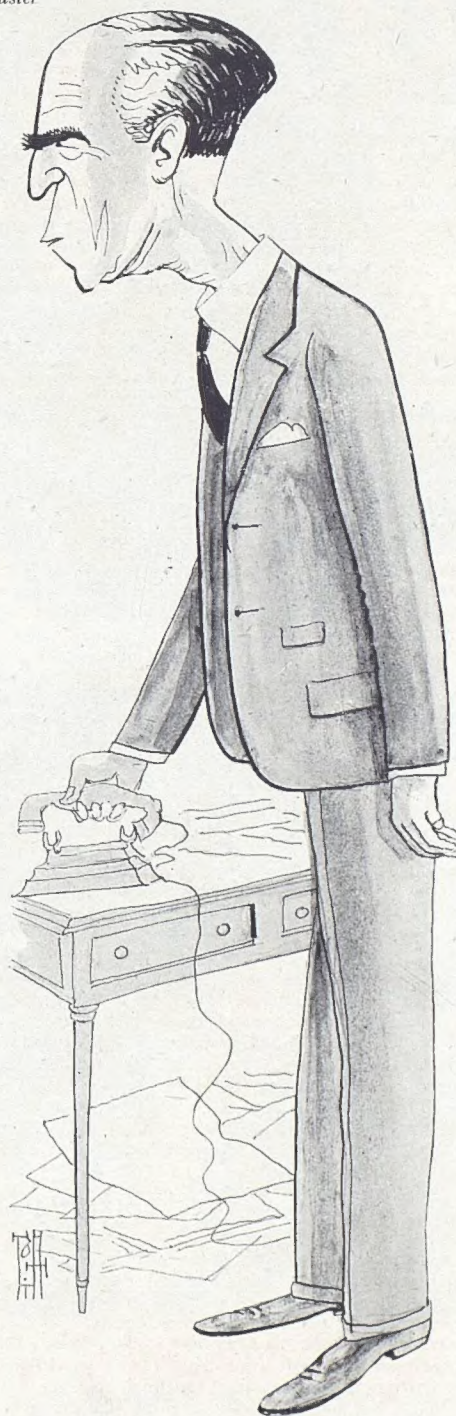
"Ministry" (Comedy)

tioning the timber allocation for the whole county, and so on.

ALTHOUGH Sergeant Brown comes early under the suspicion of a malignant councillor there is plenty of time for he who scorns the usual channels to get five hundred cosy, pink-tiled, all-electric houses built during the six months required by the Ministry to reply to the letter proposing the scheme. And the four hundred and ninety-nine wives who are sick of living with their husband's mothers are duly grateful for the paratrooper's forceful administration.

But even Ministries are not to be played with thus indefinitely, and the day arrives when the public benefactor is put on the spot. The author is equal to the emergency, and enterprise reaps in the *dénouement* something more than poetic justice. Whoever heard of a Ministry going out of its way to disclaim credit for a resoundingly creditable achievement!

It is a comedy which seems to have evolved itself without much conscious design, but still very happily, out of a good subject, but this effect is certainly in part delusive. Miss Bingham can write lively, hard-hitting dialogue, and she has a quick eye for current humours. Her luck consists less in the way her little comedy works itself out than in getting Mr. Anthony Parker for her producer, and a cast so suitable. Mr. Clifford Mollison is most agreeably the bland impostor. Mr. Charles Lefaux as D.D.A.2 gives the impression of being a live exhibit fetched from Whitehall. Miss Beryl Mason displays all the charming helplessness of the typist who may remain in no employment longer than a week, but is quickly snapped up afresh, and Mr. Alec Finter gives a most realistic sketch of the Town Clerk whose long repressed hopes of getting things done come buoyantly to the surface at a touch of encouragement. ANTHONY COOKMAN



Frustration: Councillor Fox (Clement Hamelin), furious with rage and suspicion, sees his own telephone call forestalled by Henry Brown

BACKSTAGE

FEW American visitors of recent years have made such a pronounced personal success as Yolande Donlan, the twenty-four years old New York girl who so brilliantly plays the nit-wit blonde in *Born Yesterday* at the Garrick.

She was an aspiring unknown actress when she saw the play in New York, and it prompted her to apply for a job to Garson Kanin, the author. All he could offer her was the role of understudy in the Boston production of his play. She accepted and when the leading lady fell ill she did so well that Kanin promised to recommend her for the part should Olivier take up his option on the play.

Miss Donlan, who is as intelligent as she is pretty, is the wife of Philip Truex, actor son of Ernest Truex, who was very popular on the West End stage in the twenties. She came over here with her six-year-old son Christopher and her mother.

Now holiday-making in Italy with his wife Vivien Leigh, Laurence Olivier must be very pleased about the success of *Born Yesterday* as his first venture in management.

Olivier is returning in a few weeks to begin filming in *Hamlet*, and it will not be until late summer that he will be able to leave for his tour of Australia and New Zealand, taking with him *Richard the Third* (in which Miss Leigh will play Lady Anne), *The School for Scandal* and *The Skin of Our Teeth*, in which he will make his first appearance as Antrobus. They will be away from England for six or seven months which means that Olivier won't be seen in the West End again until 1948.

IN *The Guinea Pig*, which celebrates its first anniversary at the Criterion on February 19, Peter Neil is now playing Robert Flemyng's part with great success, thus proving how one stroke of luck may affect a career.

Neil, the son of an India Army officer, was born in India. He went to Munich University and then decided to study for the stage in Germany which at that time—the early 1930s—was among the most progressive in the world. He studied under Richard Revy (now in Hollywood) at the Schauspielhaus. The Nazis, however, didn't encourage foreigners so he came home.

When he left the R.A.F. at the end of the war he feared it would be difficult to return to the stage, so he took a job in the City. He abandoned it, however, the week he was married, not daring to tell his wife. Then good fortune came his way. The Tennent firm, unable to agree as to which of two stars to succeed Flemyng, decided to cast the part afresh. One of the first candidates they saw was Neil who brought a letter of recommendation to Hugh Beaumont from David Niven. That gained him the part.

LAST week I stated that *Under the Counter* was at the Saville. This was incorrect—I should have said the Phoenix, where it has been running successfully for so long.

WHEN in mid-April Noel Coward appears in his play *Present Laughter*, his leading lady will be twenty-four years old, South African-born, Moira Lister, who has had a wealth of stage, film, and radio experience since she made her debut in Ibsen's *The Vikings of Helgeland* at the age of six.

In South Africa she acted in productions by Leontine Sagan, Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies and Sir Seymour Hicks, and it was on his advice that she came to England in 1943. She played Desdemona, Juliet, and other leading parts during one Shakespearean season at Stratford, and last year was leading juvenile with John Clements in *Marriage à la Mode* and *The Kingmaker* at the St. James's.

Coward was impressed by reports of her excellence as Juliet, and more impressed still when he heard her read the part in *Present Laughter*, rehearsals for which began on March 17 immediately after his return from America.

LAUREL and Hardy, I understand, are due to appear at the Palladium at the end of a brief provincial tour.

Beaumont Kent.

Self-Profile

Barbara McFadyean and Spike Hughes

by

Themselves



WHEN Shakespeare said that music was the food of love he really had something. I first came to know Barbara during the war when we were both working for the B.B.C.'s European Service and the cause of it all was Cole Porter's "Begin the Beguine."

In those days Miss McFadyean was an announcer, broadcasting in French and German, and appar-

ently understanding any other language ever spoken in her studio. My job was to direct a daily half-hour programme of propaganda beamed to Germany. The programme consisted largely of records of music I knew the Germans to like but which—thanks to Goebbels—they were not allowed to hear in the ordinary way.

One day, in Barbara's studio (where we put out the programme) I played a record of "Begin the Beguine," and that started it. The stern look which all announcers habitually gave me when I invaded their studio at Bush House began to fade from Barbara's face, and a naturally friendly girl grew even more friendly than before. So I played "Begin the Beguine" again; and again. I believe the Germans came to love it, for it has become almost a signature tune for the German radio since the war; but I never knew the effect on the enemy during the war. I knew only its effect on Barbara, which was what the maker of patent medicines and those funny practical joke gadgets call the Desired Effect.

Barbara came to radio by way of the stage. Before the war she was in rep. and appeared at Drury Lane in *The Dancing Years*. When she was at the R.A.D.A. she appeared at the Haymarket wearing buckles to her shoes that had been worn by Macready as Hamlet. William Macready was an ancestor of Barbara, and whenever she dried up on the stage her silence was always excused as being the famous "Macready pause."

On her mother's side Barbara is Irish. Her grandmother was a Gaiety Girl and married into the Chute family which owned the two great theatres in Bristol and Bath. One of Barbara's Chute cousins is my godfather, but I didn't discover that until I got really involved in the family.

FOR the rest, Barbara is very, very Scottish. Not in her speech but in her nature; in her obsession with detail and her thoroughness. She keeps the most meticulous files of all her broadcasts and is remarkably methodical in everything to do with our everyday life. The fact that only our secretary can ever lay hands on anything either of us wants—and then not very often—is beside the point. The Method is there. And when our Miss Jennifer Urquhart gives up a hopeless search there is a general sigh of relief. It means that Barbara and Jenny can go out to the pictures together and I can have the undisturbed use of my typewriter to get on with writing this profile for instance.

I might well have met Barbara very much earlier than I did, for she used to live almost in the next

street to me in Berlin at one time. Her father, Sir Andrew McFadyean, was then Commissioner for Controlled Revenues in Germany; today he is on the council of Chatham House, a City director and a treasurer of the Liberal Party. Which explains a number of mysterious, almost illegible scribbles in Barbara's handwriting that litter the flat: notes to remind her to sell five shillings-worth of shares, to canvass such and such a house when the next General Election comes around.

Barbara's enthusiasms are difficult to catalogue; she has so many. She is obsessed at the moment by the question of The New House. Not long ago she stood as candidate for the Marylebone Borough Council, an enthusiasm largely inspired by the Communist manifesto which proposed to build a lot of jolly workers' flats in Portland Place and pull down all that Adam rubbish. Barbara was not elected; but neither were the Communists.

During the war the voice of Barbara McFadyean became a pin-up voice to Forces listeners overseas. With her great friend Joan Griffiths (who now introduces "Woman's Hour") Barbara used to present "Forces Favourites" and the two of them became subjects of long reports made by Army psychiatrists on the morale-value of two such pleasing voices typifying simple, unsophisticated sister-substitutes for the fed-up-and-far-from-home soldier. It was only after the war, when the question of morale no longer arose, that Barbara ever admitted in public that she was married.

Barbara's greatest gift, however, has nothing to do with politics or broadcasting. She has a way of getting through any customs or passport barrier at home or abroad quicker than anybody I have ever met. It is no use my trying to pass on details of her method; it is something she keeps secret even from me.

* * *

I SUPPOSE that being married to Spike Hughes is the least cosy life any woman could choose for herself. In the first place, I have to be married to two people: to Spike Hughes, who broadcasts and writes books and is likely to turn me out of the house while he writes another opera, and to Patrick Hughes who is never at home either. All I really know about my husband I first learned from his autobiography, *Openings Bars*: our domestic life was completely disrupted for six months while he wrote it (between the hours of 11 p.m. and 3 a.m.), and I count it as a triumph to have distracted his attention from the sequel sufficiently to get him to sit down and collaborate with me in a book about opera.

But there is always the question of The Opera. Patrick Hughes started life as a composer, and he threatens to end either his life or mine as a composer. His first completed opera was *Cinderella*, the first opera ever written purely for radio, which has been performed five times by the B.B.C.—including two performances for television. Now he is thinking about his next opera—*St. Patrick's Day*, based on Sheridan's comedy. He aimed to have it written for performance by the B.B.C. this year (1947), but has discreetly admitted that time was getting a little short. So he has agreed to settle for a couple of arias from the opera (still uncompleted) to be broadcast on St. Patrick's Day, March 17.

I may say that to get him as interested as this

in the project is something of an achievement; he is very nearly the laziest person I know. Not that he lacks energy; his energy in collecting a cricket team to go and stay in a Kentish pub and play the local village is prodigious. It takes up weeks of the best years of our lives. Whatever he does he will do with enthusiasm; so long as he is interested in what people want him to do he will take endless trouble to do it well; but he can't be bothered to take £5,000 a year for something which bores him. This I find a little heart-breaking, especially as we are on the point of moving from our flat in the little alley beside Broadcasting House (our nearest neighbour is Constant Lambert who lives ten yards away) to a house at the back of Lord's.

MANY wives would not worry about a short journey from All Souls Place to Cavendish Avenue; but then they do not live with Spike Hughes. In his thirty-eight years, my husband has travelled more than most people; he has been to Russia and America, he was educated in Austria and Germany and lived as a child in Italy. But today he will not stir a finger to arrange even a short journey to Paris. When he does, then it all goes wrong; we never get the sleepers we hoped for and have to stand in the corridor all through the night. If I complain at his inefficiency all I get is a sweet smile and a reassuring, "You do it, darling; you're so clever." My husband—not unnaturally—is devoted to me.

If Patrick is disarmingly Irish as a travelling companion, he is infuriatingly Irish around the house. He is the untidiest person I ever knew. But there is a great deal of method among all the muddle; he knows where to find any one of his hundreds of scores and any one of his 3,000 records. And he can always find last Sunday's papers; he takes in nine every week and never gets through them until the following Saturday. He keeps them to see how far the racing tipsters are right, though mostly he ignores their advice.

I wish that, apart from his racing and his cricket and his passion for Rugby football, Patrick would devote more of his time to music. He has the widest taste in the world, with a passion for opera by Mozart and Verdi and waltzes by Johann Strauss and tunes by Rodgers, Kern and Cole Porter; but he insists that his friends, like William Walton and Alan Rawsthorne, save him the trouble of composing. So he confines himself nowadays to witty little parodies composed for ITMA, and hates to be reminded that he composed the ballet *High Yellow* for Markova and Frederick Ashton which perturbed the critics in 1932.

Rather than compose he will show you with pride his collection of autograph letters by musicians he considers were really worth while—Verdi, Berlioz, Rossini, Donizetti and Meyerbeer.

His autograph letters are Patrick's steadiest enthusiasm. He has other enthusiasms, like broadcasting in "Transatlantic Quiz." When his friend Lionel Hale asked him to appear in this programme, Spike Hughes considered that he had reached the highest peak of his radio ambitions.

Oh yes, he's versatile all right, and he's a gay companion; but there are times when I wish Patrick were something in the City. At least then I would know what he was likely to do next; and we might possibly stand a chance of sitting down to dinner before 10 p.m.



F. J. Goodman

THEY ARE A TEAM

Spike Hughes shares with the Dusty [Millers and Nobby Clarks of this world the social advantages of a generic nickname, and this is no doubt an ingredient in the essential friendliness of the Hughes' household, an atmosphere clearly expressed in the photograph and not always found on the hearths of successful providers of light entertainment. Of the radio activities which have made them so popular, Spike comments, "Back of Barbara's mind are two steady obsessions which date back a long way; one is to go to America; the other is to have a mink coat. When either subject arises I start to talk about broadcasting, which is a topic she can never resist"



The King and Queen, with Queen Mary and the Duke of Gloucester, outside the entrance to the Royal quarters on the shelter deck of the Vanguard

THE ROYAL FAMILY SAILS FOR SOUTH AFRICA

The start of a voyage which continues the great tradition of Royal visits overseas

The Vanguard, with the Royal Standard at the masthead, sailed on Saturday, February 1st, for Cape Town. The King and Queen, with the two Princesses, left Britain in a wintry dawn, and after a voyage expected to last seventeen days, will arrive in South Africa to receive what will undoubtedly be a record-breaking reception. It is the first time that such a Royal visit has ever been paid to the Union, and preparations have been completed to make the ensuing tour one of the most memorable of any undertaken by the Sovereign to the units of his Empire



On the platform at Waterloo, on the afternoon of departure. Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, is seen kissing Princess Margaret



The Vanguard presents a majestic sight as she steams away from the destroyer flotilla to meet her Home Fleet escort

Jennifer writes

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

THE ROYAL DEPARTURE:

ALL four of the Royal voyagers were in the highest of spirits—keyed-up with the anticipation, doubtless, of warmer weather as well as with the expectations of their interest-filled tour—when they left Waterloo Station on the first stage of their 6000-mile journey to Cape Town. The cold and icy state of the roads made the King decide to cancel the semi-State drive from the Palace and substitute cars for the horse-drawn landaus.

Queen Mary, the Duke of Gloucester, the Princess Royal and the Duchess of Kent were at the station, with Mr. Attlee and members of the Cabinet, and the four members of the Royal Family travelled down to Portsmouth with the King and Queen and the Princesses.

For their first evening on board, the King and Queen invited Rear-Admiral Viscount Mountbatten and Viscountess Mountbatten to dine with them, and the two other guests at the Royal table in the spacious quarters that will be the Royal Family's floating home for over two weeks were Admiral Sir Geoffrey Layton, Commander-in-Chief, Portsmouth, and Rear-Admiral W. G. Agnew, Captain of H.M.S. *Vanguard*.

A ceremony of considerable interest at Buckingham Palace a few days before they left was when Princess Elizabeth, who will be celebrating her coming-of-age in South Africa in April, received her first twenty-first birthday present in advance, the gift subscribed for by every member of the Royal Household and the Palace domestic staff. At the choice of the Princess herself, the gift took the form of an antique diamond brooch, which she is taking with her to Africa, with a promise to wear it on the anniversary itself.

H. M. THE QUEEN, accompanied by H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth, looking very attractive in a nigger-brown velvet coat, honoured Major Eric Penn and Miss Prudence Stewart-Wilson with their presence at their marriage at St. Mark's, North Audley Street,

three days before the Royal Party sailed for South Africa. The bride, who is a very beautiful girl, was given away by her stepfather, Major Greville Stewart-Stevens, and wore a tiered gown of old family lace with an Edwardian Court train. Her long tulle veil was held in place with a coronet of orange-blossom, and her two little pages, Rupert Hambro and David Vaughan, wore kilts of the Royal Stewart tartan with silk shirts and lace jabots. Little Lady Malvina Murray, who told me she had had her eleventh birthday two days before, was a bridesmaid, and wore a long dress of champagne satin. The two older bridesmaids, Miss Violet de Trafford and Miss Diana Drummond, were in picture dresses of the same material, with gold leaves in their hair.

At the reception, Mrs. Greville Stewart-Stevens, the bride's mother, who looked charming in a purple dress and hat, received the 500 guests with her husband in the ballroom at the Dorchester. They included the Earl and Countess of Mansfield, near neighbours in Scotland, the Marquess of Hartington, Col. and Mrs. Windsor-Lewis, and Lady Griselda Tennant, with her younger brother, Angus Ogilvy, in the uniform of the Scots Guards. Also there were the Hon. Mrs. Richard Bethell with her younger son David, who is also in the Scots Guards; Lady Sykes, looking very pretty; Mr. Jimmy Bowes Lyon (who was best man) and his wife, who were chatting to Mr. Thomas Egerton and the Hon. Richard Stanley. Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Vaughan, whose small son was one of the pages, were greeting many friends, as were Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Way and Mrs. Ramsay. There were several Australians at the wedding, which was not surprising, as the bride's father, the late Mr. Aubyn Wilson, was an Australian. Among those I met were Mrs. James Fairbairn, chatting to Capt. Alexander Ramsay, just returned from Australia, where he was A.D.C. to H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester; Mrs. Kepple Palmer and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Broadhurst, who live

near the Stewart-Stevens in Scotland; and Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Luttrell, of Dunster Castle.

THE Eridge Hunt Ball was recently held at the Assembly Rooms, Tunbridge Wells. Apart from those people living in the neighbourhood, many others came down from London and joined one of the many house-parties that had been arranged for the ball. One of the largest of these parties was given by the Marquess and Marchioness of Abergavenny, whose lovely home, Eridge Castle, is only a few miles away from Tunbridge Wells. The guests included their son and daughter-in-law, Lord and Lady Rupert Nevill, Lord Porchester, who told me that his sister, Lady Penelope Van der Woude, is at present visiting the United States with her husband; the Hon. Diana Berry, who wore a lovely dress of white tulle embroidered with blue sequins; and Miss Anne Winn, now Mrs. Mark Wyndham, who was married in London recently.

The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough's youngest daughter, Lady Rosemary Spencer-Churchill, appeared to be thoroughly enjoying herself, and wore a long-sleeved dress of midnight blue crepe, while another young girl present was the Hon. Mary Anne Sturt, who is the only child of the late Lord and Lady Alington.

During the evening one Eightsome Reel was played, but on the whole Viennese waltzes and polkas seemed to be more popular, and these dances were accompanied, more often than not, by several hunting-horns as well as the dance band!

At midnight an excellent supper was served in an adjoining room. Here I saw Miss Eila Jessel, who was accompanied by her brother David, who has recently returned to this country with his regiment, the Coldstream Guards; her cousin, Mr. Charles Jessel, and Mr. Robin Hudson, son of the ex-Minister of Agriculture.



Marriage of Major Eric Penn, M.C., and Miss Prudence Stewart-Wilson

Leaving the church, St. Mark's, North Audley Street, between the guard of honour of warrant officers and N.C.O.s of Major Penn's regiment, the Grenadier Guards

Major Greville Stewart-Stevens and Mrs. Stewart-Stevens of Perthshire, stepfather and mother of the bride, at the reception

The bridal attendants leaving after the ceremony, at which Her Majesty the Queen and Princess Elizabeth were present

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Others enjoying this very good ball were the Earl of Lewes and his very attractive wife; Lady Helène Berry, who brought a party; the Hon. Mrs. Fiennes Cornwallis, Miss Betty Field-Marsham, Miss Janet Marshall Cornwall, Miss Sonia Graham Hodgson, the Hon. Oswald and Lady Mary Berry, Lt.-Col. Ririd and Lady Margaret Myddelton, Mr. Dermot de Trafford and Mr. Gerald Williams, the Member for Tonbridge, with his wife.

THE weather forecast was "snow and frost in most parts of England," so it was not surprising to find many people had not faced the rigours of a country week-end. Large flakes of snow were falling heavily as I entered Claridges for Sunday lunch. Here, incidentally, they do not suffer from coal difficulties as much as some places, as their heating is all done by oil. One of the first couples I saw lunching were the Earl and Countess of Mansfield with their elder daughter, Lady Malvina Murray. They were staying there for a few days, having come south from their Scottish home. Another couple staying there were the Earl of Bessborough with his lovely French-born wife. They greeted the Brazilian Ambassador and his wife as they came in with a large party to lunch.

Three other lunch-parties I noticed were Lady Kathleen Rollo's, Mrs. Winston Churchill's (she had the favourite corner table and a party of six, including her daughter Mary, looking exceptionally pretty in brown) and the Countess of Middleton's, who had among her guests the Hon. Robert Cecil and his attractive wife, who was wearing her hair done very simply with a large bun at the nape of her neck, a fashion only successful with the very good-looking.

The Duchess of Westminster was lunching with Mr. and Mrs. Leo d'Erlanger; Sylvia Countess Poulett was lunching with her only daughter, Lady Bridget Poulett.

The Earl and Countess of Hardwicke were at nearby table lunching *à deux*, and so were Col. Dushke Popoff and his lovely wife.

LADY DIANA COOPER, over on a short visit to London from the British Embassy in Paris, was looking as lovely as ever, wearing a gold turban with a pastel-shade dress and summer ermine coat, when I saw her at the first night of *Born Yesterday*, escorted by Mr. Chips Channon. Like everyone else, she was thoroughly enjoying this scintillating American play by Garson Kanin, which is full of witty lines and amusing incidents, and superbly produced by Laurence Olivier, who has shown us that not only is he a great actor, but a great producer too.

Born Yesterday is beautifully cast and superbly acted and played at a really slick pace, necessary for this type of play, but so seldom tried by English producers.

Olivier was an early arrival at the theatre and, after greeting friends in the stalls, went to a box to watch the play with his beautiful wife, Vivien Leigh, in black with a black and gold "Cleopatra" head-dress, and looking more than ever like an "exotic hothouse flower."

Rose Marchioness of Headfort was sitting in the stalls near Sir Alexander Korda, who was chatting to Mr. Bill O'Brien. Lady Stirling brought a young friend, as Sir Louis had to miss this opening night owing to a business dinner in Wales. Miss Zoe Dagg, an attractive American, was sitting in the stalls enjoying the wisecracks, and so were a bevy of theatrical celebrities, including Clive Brook and his wife, John Mills and his playwright wife, Mary Hayley Bell, who had on a lovely mink coat, Joyce Redman, having a night off from the Old Vic, Leueen McGrath, looking very pretty, Ben Goetz, Carol Lynn and her husband, Bernard Delfont, and Philippe Del Guidice.

Others I saw were Vivien Leigh's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hartley, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Mitchell and Mr. and Mrs. Frere Reeves.

WHEN Lady Colquhoun recently organised a ball at her home in Dumbartonshire, it was in aid of the Scottish Children's League of Pity. This League is a junior branch of the Royal Scottish Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children and has H.R.H. Princess Margaret as its president. Lady Colquhoun is president of the Glasgow and Dumbartonshire branches.

DURING the Christmas holidays many children enjoyed the thrills of 'chasing with their parents, and in some instances watched the family horses perform at the various race-meetings. In the West Country recently I saw many young enthusiasts with their parents. Col. and the Hon. Mrs. Morgan-Jones brought their son David, and Viscount and Viscountess Stavordale brought their daughter and two boys, who were chatting to their cousins Peter and Ivan, who had come with their parents, Count and Countess Paul Munster.

That fine horseman and magnificent soldier, Lt.-Gen. Sir Richard McCreery, with Lady McCreery, was racing with a party of young people, including their Etonian sons, Michael and Robert. Eleven-year-old John Fuller was with his mother, the Countess of Normanton, and Lady Sybil Phipps was also there with some of her family, who, of course, are now grown up.



Lady Madden with her daughter, Roseann, who was born in 1945. She is the wife of Capt. Sir Charles Madden, Bt., R.N., and was formerly Miss Olive Robins, daughter of the late Mr. G. W. Robins and Mrs. Robins, of Caldy, Cheshire



Marcus Adams

Mrs. Thomas Dundas, wife of Mr. Thomas Calderwood Dundas, M.B.E., with her children, Alice Kirsty, ten, and Davina Margaret, seven. Her husband is a son of the late Sir Henry Dundas, Bt., of Arncliffe, Midlothian



Wedding of Lady Chesham's Daughter

Mr. Richard Napier-Martin, son of Mr. Guy Napier-Martin, of Colchester, and Miss Anne Brooke Edwards, daughter of Lady Chesham, after their wedding at St. James's, Spanish Place, W.1

Mrs. Robert Ducas and Sir Egerton Hammond-Graeme at the reception, which was given at 23, Knightsbridge, by Lady Chesham, who received the guests with the bridegroom's father

Swaeb



Yecnde

The Hon. Mrs. Simon Astley with her daughter Diana, who was three years old in December. She is the youngest daughter of F.M. Viscount and Viscountess Wavell, and the widow of Lord and Lady Hastings' younger son



South Shropshire
After-the-Ball Meet

The Master and some leading members of the field at the lawn meet held after the South Shropshire hunt ball at Netley Hall, Donnington (lent by Mr. and Mrs. Jasper More): Lt.-Col. R. C. Barrow, Mrs. R. L. Green, Dr. Gregory, Mrs. Ballendon, Major R. Waugh Harris, Mrs. Fagan, Sir Arthur Blakiston, M.F.H., Capt. John Lovegrove (Master of the United Hunt), Lady Blakiston, Mrs. Waugh Harris, Mr. Ernest Croft, Lt.-Col. R. L. Green. In front: Jane and Sally Waugh Harris

Michael Killanin

An Irish Commentary

Frost, Flood and 'Flu Turf Fire Economics More Trees for Eire Lord Longford's Players

TO discuss the weather and one's ills is the most unoriginal but most usual lunch-time conversation. At the moment, in Dublin, they are about the only topics. After the rain and flooding of the last two months we find ourselves entering February greeted by ice and snow. At the risk of displeasing the Irish Tourist Board (an institution I hold in high esteem), I cannot recommend this as a suitable country for visitors at this time of year. Even the sportsman has been disappointed, for coughing, frost and flooding have curtailed hunting while, except in patches, the snipe and woodcock have been elusive.

But I am writing in Dublin, propped up in bed surrounded by pill-boxes and bottles, so perhaps my outlook is a little jaundiced. For six years of war, I think, I did not as much as sneeze, and now with all the comforts and luxuries which compare so favourably with barns and slit trenches, I am the victim for the second time in three weeks of the 'flu. And I am not the only one—in hotels, factories and offices it is the same story, about a third of the staff unfit for work, and the epidemic has now spread from Dublin to Cork.

WE are, especially in the cities, very short of fuel. Gas, electricity and solid fuels are severely rationed. To visit in a Dublin house is rather a restless business. One moment you are in the dining-room sitting in front of a very hot gas-fire, then suddenly it fades out, for the gas only comes through from the main at certain hours. Then an electric fire is switched on until the housewife remembers there is a limit to the electric units, and into the drawing-room you go. Here a little smoke is emanating from some damp turf in a grate.

The turf (ration, 1½ tons a month and may be reduced owing to weather) which reaches the

Dublin householder is, on the whole, very different from that which we get in the west, where we can choose our own ricks. Good turf is almost coal, and, though quicker burning, appears to give as much heat. Dublin turf is only black because it is so wet—many a joke has been made about it being hosed down to increase the weight!

Dubliners, however, do not make the best of their turf, for they burn it in grates. If this were the best way then every cottage in a turf area would have a grate; but no, they burn it on the ground. The removal of grates and a small investment in fire-bricks, so that the turf may burn on the ground, would be an investment. Incidentally, my own experience is that turf and wood mixed burn very fast and are not economical.

TALKING of wood, in recent years and encouraged by wartime difficulties, there has been a considerable increase in the interest taken in afforestation. Ireland was once a great forest, as the turf bogs show, but in civilised times, except on large estates—an excellent example of good and continuous planting is Lord Rosse's demesne at Birr—little was done.

In recent years the Government have subsidised afforestation, besides planting large areas themselves. The direct result of this policy has been a short-term investment for a quick return—that is, the planting of spruce and conifers. There are many people interested in the long-term policy, and among them members of the Society of Irish Foresters, whose secretary is Mr. T. Clear, of the Albert Agricultural College, Glasnevin. Sir Shane Leslie, who is doing a great deal of forestry at his home, Glaslough, was recently in Dublin talking on this very subject.

I wonder if many Englishmen have read his amusing book, *The Irish Tangle for the English Reader*. It is a light and readable book. Strangely enough, it is yet another book in which I find my grandfather quoted—or, rather, misquoted. Sir Shane writes that my grandfather, during the rule of Ireland from Westminster, said the trouble was that a very stupid people were trying to rule a very clever people. This would not be true, for the most strongly anti-British person could scarcely call the English stupid—one need only look at their success in the world. What he did say at a Cecil Club dinner was "A very slow-witted people were trying to rule a very quick-witted people." There is a subtle difference.

BEING away from home, unfortunately I could not see Lord Longford's players when they visited Galway. I was delighted that Mr. De Valera nominated Lord Longford to the Senate a short while ago. He has been untiring in his efforts for the drama in Ireland and his honour is well deserved. His own theatrical company, which he manages, is based on the Gate Theatre, Dublin, where they spend half the year. The remainder of the time they either rent a Dublin theatre or tour.

Their touring in Ireland has allowed many small towns which only know the cinema to see the best modern and classical plays well acted. Lord Longford is a real "showman" and is usually to be seen in the foyer or standing outside the box office before performances.

Besides looking after his company, Lord Longford has written several plays, including one which interested me very much some years ago when I saw it. *Yahoo* was the title, and, needless to say, the subject was Swift. Lady Longford is prolific as a playwright, too, besides being a successful novelist.

Snapshots from a Swiss Album



St. Moritz

W/Cdr. Coles and G/Capt. Collings climbing up to the bobsleigh starting post



W/Cdr. Gadd and S/Ldr. Jeffery on the point of starting down the run



The R.A.F. team training for the world's bobsleigh championship: W/Cdr. Coles, P/O. Briggs, G/Capt. Collings, Sgt. Thornburgh, P/O. Raymond-Barker, W/Cdr. Moseby, F/Lt. Howes, F/Lt. Saunders-Davis, P/O. Wellicome, S/Ldr. Jeffery, W/Cdr. Gadd, Sgt. Fitzgerald, Max Lauppe



Davos

Brig. W. R. N. Hinde, D.S.O., with his wife and daughter Cathryn



Victoria Hinde's first day on skis. Her father is head of Military Government in Berlin



Elisabeth Hinde and her cousin, Brigid Wright, eldest daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. FitzHerbert Wright



Isobel Haig-Thomas, daughter of Mr. Peter and Lady Alexandra Haig-Thomas



Mürren

Start of the day's sport: Mrs. G. H. MacCarthy, Col. T. G. Lindsay (Irish Guards), Mrs. T. G. Lindsay, the International skier, Col. R. B. Pembroke (Coldstream Guards) and Major A. H. d'Egville



Wengen

The Duchess of Roxburghe, the Marquess of Clydesdale with his mother, the Duchess of Hamilton, and Miss B. Lambton

Priscilla in Paris

A Parcel of Trouble



Journey's end



Cocktails at Gauri's Club



Inspired a purple patch



Première of the week

AGAIN we are having rather a thin time of it in the commissariat department, and those of us who have friends likely to reply are sending SOS signals to the provinces, and even the outlying suburbs, for our Sunday dinners. The daily papers are uproarious, but what do the authorities care? "To them a Panic is a word, a Crisis empty wind!"

Another little snag that vexes this lovely, ill-managed country is the fact that while parcels are frequently dispatched, they do not so frequently arrive. Some time ago I received an *avis* from the French railway asking me to call round. An hour's journey by Métro brought me to the goods station of the Nord. For another half-hour I hunted around, going from one ramshackle shed to another till I found the right place. A nice old *facteur*, astonishingly clean as things go nowadays, with the soap ration as it is still, in his blue blouse and wide belt of black and blue webbing, searched through a vast store of parcels and at last found mine. Seals all unbroken and in perfect condition. Was I amazed, considering the way they usually arrive! Amazed, but still annoyed. I asked him why the parcel had not been "delivered to domicile" instead of my having to "derange myself" in order to come and fetch it.

THE old chap looked at me with pity. "Such a beautiful packet," he said; "so well worth deranging oneself for!" I agreed with him, for it certainly looked (and was) well worth the trouble, but, nevertheless, the railway had been paid to deliver it to my home, so what about it? In order to argue it out comfortably we adjourned to a nearby buffet, and over a small glassful—while I had a cracked cup of the filthy brew known as *café National*—my new friend told me that the railways are at their wits' end. So much foodstuff comes along in small parcels that they haven't nearly enough regular employees for their delivery, and hundreds of parcels are stolen daily by the riff-raff they are obliged to employ.

The few lorries in use cart them over to various districts in Paris, where they pile up on the pavements outside the depots while waiting to be loaded on pushcarts and taken to their destination. Just so many more possibilities for quick thieving. Sometimes they are even filched from the pushcarts by passing cyclists—grab and scoot. A cheerful state of affairs, but—the old fellow tickled his ears with his shoulders—"What can one do? It is therefore better to put oneself about," he concluded. "Did not Madame think so?" Madame did, and noting that the parcel contained a box of fifty English cigarettes, joyfully made over what remained of her month's ration of *Caporal* to the old man. We parted on the best of terms.

FRANÇOISE ROSAY gave a farewell cocktail-party at the "Gauri's Club" this week. She is leaving for Montreal, is then going on down to New York, where she is making a stage appearance, and will remain, alas for Paris, for six months. She has so many friends that the Gauri was filled, and it was well that the doorman had an eagle eye for gate-crashers. I had never before been to that amusing little cabaret in the Rue Mansart, with its excellent orchestra of dusky musicians, its clever, coloured entertainers and good floor-show. Even critics turn up at any party given by Françoise Rosay, René Jeanne, Idkowsky and Montboron amongst them. All the stars and starlets were there, of course, but they are all so much-of-a-muchness in the matter of colouring, shape and voice that once I have recognised Simone Renant (now appearing in the French stage version of *Blithe Spirit*), Blanche

Montel (who has left the screen and now runs a theatrical agency with great success), Lisette Lanvin and Viviane Romance (who is a brunette), I find it safer not to label them, as I invariably attach the wrong names to their charming little persons.

The last time I saw Rosay was as the haggard, drunken rip in *Macadam*, a recent film that has yet to be shown in London, and it was a joy to find her again looking so lovely. Her beautiful, silvery hair was dressed sleekly to her well-shaped head, and she wore a pale pink frock under a hooded coat of deep violet. So cosy and also so becoming.

After the big success of *Brief Encounter*, the British film of the moment in Paris is *The Seventh Veil*. Much as I admire the acting of James Mason and Ann Todd, I don't think it would be good for my health if I said what I think of the story. I prefer to quote from my old friend "Parisian Weekly Information," who still insists on writing in English:

"... Too much intellectual complication, pretension and refinement alter the subject, which is as good as many others. . . . The film is shown in vaporous pictures of foggy London, goes on in a clinic scenery. Ann Todd is a lovely Francisca, with a deep countenance, an ardent and serene flame. She is one of the rare English actresses to own a radiance, a presence. . . . She would shine alone, if the best actual English comedian was not her partner: James Mason, whose smart silhouette, whose proud and dark face, whose acting, all in apparent coldness with sparkling secrets, will mark this film with a definite fatal charm."

Further comment on my part seems superfluous.

THE theatrical première of the week is Paul Blanchart's very fine adaptation of *Mourning Becomes Electra*, at the Théâtre Montparnasse, beautifully staged by Marguerite Jamois, who also plays the part of Lavinia-Electra. And how terrifically, indeed, does she become mourning. Valentine Tessier is Christine-Clytemnestra and a daughter of the gods. Orin-Orestès is played by the stiff-necked, sepulchral-voiced Alain Cuny, of *Visiteurs du Soir* fame. I have little admiration for him, but I am told he has quite a fan mail. I do not think it is possible to see finer acting than that of Tessier and Jamois, and I was angry with myself for remaining unmoved. But then, I have no great love for the classics in modern guise, and I found myself inwardly giggling as the tragedy progressed and one began to count the cadavers piling up in the wings.

With *Mourning Becomes Electra* we have reached the total of eleven British or American plays now running in Paris, and we are beginning to wonder what has happened to all the French dramatists. But perhaps this will be the last première we shall see for some time. Many theatre managers are so fed up with the high taxation in the entertainment world, now amounting to 42 per cent. of their takings, that they are seriously contemplating closing down. What Paris would be without its theatres can hardly be imagined. But what a scoop for the films!

Voilà!

● Two famous duettists parted company a few years ago and went their various ways alone. Not very successfully, however. The other day they chanced to meet in a fifth-rate restaurant, the one as a client, the other as waiter. The former sneered at his ex-partner: "Fancy finding you in a lousy joint like this," he said. "Maybe," answered the waiter, "but I don't eat here!"



A view of the drawing-room with its splendid mural, Empire furniture and Aubusson carpet

A Villa on the Riviera

Mr. and Mrs. Diarmid Campbell Johnston are the owners of one of the most beautiful villas at Cannes, the Villa Campbell Johnston. It is on the croisette close to the Hotel Martinez. Mrs. Campbell Johnston, who is French and was born in Paris, on her marriage entered a distinguished Scottish family associated with Dumfries and Kirkcudbright. Her husband is the son of Mr. David Campbell Johnston



Mr. Campbell Johnston's bedroom. The bed and desk formerly belonged to Maréchal Ney



Mrs. Campbell Johnston beside a portrait of her husband's ancestor, Sir Alexander Johnston, an eighteenth-century President of the Council of Ceylon



As with the rooms, the hall conveys an atmosphere of quiet and dignified magnificence
d'Ora, Paris



WINTER WEDDING AT ST. MARGARET'S

ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER, was snow-covered for the marriage of Sir Evelyn Delves Broughton to the Hon. Elizabeth Cholmondeley, Lord Delamere's pretty elder daughter. Although the church was chilly (writes Jennifer), huge vases of mixed tulips, chrysanthemums, red roses, mimosa, carnations, and other flowers made one think of warmer days. The bride, who has auburn hair and lovely colouring, looked beautiful in a wedding-dress of deep cream satin with a long tulle veil which was held in place by a diamond tiara, and carried a sheaf of arum lilies. There were three little bridesmaids, the Hon. Tessa Fraser, Lucy Drummond-Moray and Zara Heber Percy, in cream organdie frocks with apricot sashes and headbands. The four grown-up bridesmaids were her sister, the Hon. Anne Cholmondeley, Miss Brita Cederstrom, Miss Cherry Drummond and Miss Fiona Gregson, who wore long gold satin dresses trimmed with sequins, and gold head-dresses.

Over 600 guests came to the reception at Claridges, where I saw the bride's mother, Phyllis Lady Delamere, wearing a short fur coat over her dress; Vera Lady Broughton, looking charming in blue; Lord Delamere, an energetic host, wearing a white waistcoat with his morning dress; and

Lady Delamere, looking most attractive with a short fur cape over her green dress. Lady Throckmorton, just returned from America, and looking as lovely as ever, was accompanied by her little daughter, Joanna Smith-Bingham; the Marchioness of Cambridge had her daughter, Lady Mary Cambridge, with her.

OTHERS present included the Hon. Mrs. Cooper-Key chatting to Lady Stanley, Viscountess Mountbatten, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McCorquodale, Lord and Lady Knollys, Lady Annaly, Miss Wendy Sale-Barker, the Hon. Mrs. Henry Tufton with Miss Jane Clayton; the Countess of Durham, well wrapped up in mink; Mrs. Eric Midwood, looking pretty in a feathered hat; Lady Smiley, Mrs. Fitzalan Howard and her daughter Alatheia, Mrs. Mortimer, looking very chic in a mink coat; Col. and Mrs. Lionel Neame, Mr. Tommy Weldon and Mr. Kenneth Mackenzie (who were two of the ushers), the Hon. Juliana Curzon, and little Bill Drummond-Moray, very smart in his kilt. The bride and bridegroom afterwards left for their honeymoon in New York, the bride wearing a lovely mink coat which was a joint wedding present from her husband and her father and stepmother.



Joanna
Lady



Lady Broughton, mother of the bridegroom, and Lord Delamere, father of the bride



The Hon. Hugh Cholmondeley, the son and heir of Lord Delamere



Phyllis Lady Delamere, mother of the bride, and Lt. M. Hay, R.N.

Guests at the Wedding Reception of Sir Evelyn Broughton and the Hon. Elizabeth Cholmondeley



and Mrs. Alistair Stewart were also at the reception



The Hon. Juliana Curzon, daughter of Viscount Scarsdale, and Mr. Ian Henderson



Among the many guests were Cdr. N. Battine and Miss June Osborne



Lady d'Avigdor-Goldsmid, Mr. Derek Hall Caine, Mr. W. Pratt, Mrs. J. Spencer and Mrs. N. Morris



Smith-Bingham with her mother, Throckmorton, and Mrs. P. Samics



The small bridesmaids, their duties finished, fall to with a good appetite



Lord Lovat carries his daughter, one of the bridesmaids, through the snow

Standing By ...



No bird should be happier than the stork, the subject of pleasing legends and needing no humanitarian protection. But the winter's cold has even penetrated the heavy plumage of this one at the Zoo, and he looks on life with a sour and introverted eye

ONE thing only (we thought approvingly) could enhance the effect of that memorandum submitted to the Ministries of Agriculture and Food by the Research Committee of the Economic Reform Club, and that would be to have it set to music; operatic music for choice.

Consider the effect of a moonlit background, like the Polish interlude in *Boris Godounov*; richly-dressed noble figures dancing a stately torchlit mazurka outside a white Baroque palace and vanishing; a girl in mask and domino stealing out to meet her lover by the statue of Apollo Belvedere. He arrives. He is pursued. He has only time to sing her a brief, urgent message and fly across the frontier. A few hurried pizzicato chords from the fiddles and the dashing cloaked figure bends over her.

PRINCE FLORESTAN: A last word, beloved!

NATALIA (half-fainting): Yes? Yes?

PRINCE FLOR (rapidly): There is no physical reason why Great Britain should not become substantially self-supporting in foodstuffs once her economic policy is directed to that end.

NAT: Do you urge that?

PRINCE FLOR: I urge it.

(Kisses her hand and flies.)

NAT: You swine.

She didn't guess the handsome heartless devil was an economist. She thought his previous bromides were due to passion or adenoids. She sings a long angry memorandum saying the hell with him, which goes equally for the back-room boys of the Research Committee of the Economic Reform Club, and the curtain falls, none too soon.

Art

EVERY witch and sorcerer in Europe—and as you probably know, there are plenty—must have put in a bit of overtime with grimoires and waxen mommets on the eve of that duel between Maître Maurice Garçon and a Colonel Groussard, called off at the last moment.

Maître Garçon, France's most eminent barrister, is also the leading prosecuting authority in cases of modern witchcraft, as revealed in three resounding scandals in France in the 1920's at least, including the Bordeaux case which, unless we err, inspired A. E. W. Mason's thriller, *The Prisoner in the Opal*. And if you think any of the old ritual of the Black Art is obsolete, Maître Garçon has actually perused pacts with the Devil signed in blood, in the old-fashioned manner, and neatly typed in correct legal phraseology. Hence the likely traffic in mommets referred to. A mommet is a small waxen image representing a person you wish to destroy. Placing it before a brisk fire, you pierce its heart and brain with pins, muttering certain magic formulae, and the person dies. This method is used by (e.g.) booksy girls driven crazy by other booksy girls' net sales, and it lingers also in the dark places of the countryside. Poohbah? You don't know half that goes on, sweethearts, right under your imperial snozzles.

As a career for the young we wouldn't recommend the Black Art. Last time we saw Britain's leading operator, famous in his day, he was looking rather worn and seedy. No doubt those pacts are pretty one-sided.

Sissies

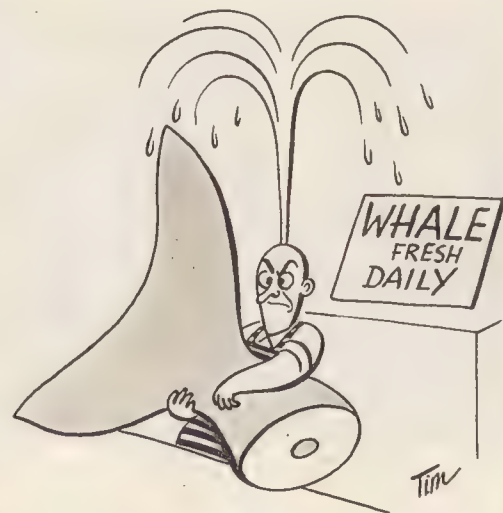
MISS ALICE MARBLE's recent statement that British tennis-girls "lack aggression" will confirm what Wimbledon fans have been gloomily suspecting for some time, namely that those sweethearts are getting effeminate.

A chap in close touch with the L.T.A. tells us that half those massive double muscles which terrify the Centre Court public are fake, to begin with. They take them off at night. Huge menacing girls dwindle thus behind locked bedroom doors into tiny appealing creatures with pathetic, flowerlike faces. Tiss Baby dood-night! they cry to Mumsie. Baby

frightened of dweffle wacket! Little does the Wimbledon public think (in so far as it is able to think at all) what an imposture is practised on it. Surely, surely, this is not Big Aggie Whackers, the Girl Thunderbolt?

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, so eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent;
Her calves lie strewn upon the floor,
At morn she'll strap 'em on once more.

Thus Byron, who saw Mary Godwin bashing her way to the amateur championship with ferocious grimaces during the daytime, but knew she was just a timid little elf with a heart



of gold when the public wasn't looking. "Meet the waif," he would say merrily to some dumb-founded fan after their marriage. Byron liked fooling serious tennis-fans, and who doesn't?

Fun

IF the thought has ever suggested itself to you, as to many brooding minds of late, that the BBC's comics are, so to speak, unique, you do those boys a bitter wrong. They only seem unique.

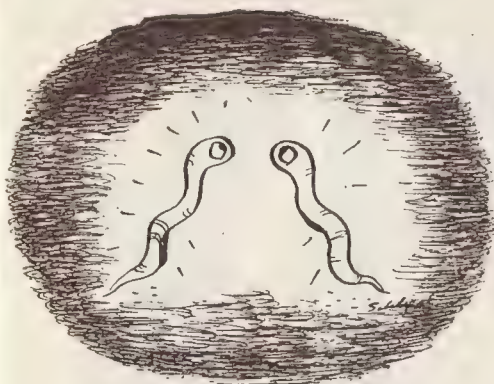
Having done a little trans-Atlantic listening, we find this theory strangely confirmed by an American magazine which recently printed, without comment, specimen quickfire gags by some of America's leading radio mirthmakers. Selection:

1. Get your hands off her! I'll teach you how to trifle with a princess!
That won't be necessary. I know already.
2. When are you going to buy a new car?
I don't know. Why?
This one's so old the headlights are wearing glasses.
3. How does your mother sweeten her coffee?
She takes a mouthful, then she thinks of the old days.
What then?
A lump comes up in her throat.
4. Where were you when brains were passed out?
I was there, but they didn't have my size.

Well, well, well, let us be decent, let us be fair. There's nothing in the above fun-package that a BBC Variety stooge-audience wouldn't hail immediately and uproariously as something bang out of the old box; the only difference being that American comics make about ten times as much at it as the unfortunate serfs of the BBC, whose weekly salary often runs into one figure. We are now taking you over to Mo Merrythought and his Madcap Musical Morons, who will galvanise you into a frenzy of despair.



"Please remember I'm a lady when you refer to the tower in that offensive manner"



"I've been asked by the Ministry of Fuel to make a 40 per cent. cut"

Cake

IF a gossip-girl recently dismissing the teacake called a Sally Lunn as "homely fare" hasn't by now received a smart tap on the chignon from the ghostly fan of Mme. de Narbonne she deserves it, the little saucebox (*petite effrontée*).

You will look in vain for the small, dingy, bow-windowed Chelsea shop near Ranelagh where the Duchesse de Narbonne, arriving practically penniless in London on the eve of the Terror, made a packet—being a clever cook—out of the Beau Monde with her buns, cakes, and brioches, including the highly popular teacake named after her Scots maid. It's now a glittering establishment off Piccadilly (Ye Olde Narbonne Confections, Ltd., Ike Goldwasser, chmn. and mng. dr.) where stand-offish beauties in golden wigs, hooped à la Pompadour, and a commissionaire in the gala-uniform of a Hungarian field-marshal, *temp.* Maria-Theresa, still keep up the authentic atmosphere, apart from gold-shaded, silver-sconced electric candles and costly thick carpets representing a sanded floor. A director named Gizzick wanted silver spittoons, but Ike said no, no spittoons, we keep this joint classy, like when that Narbonne dame was sticking around. Mr. Goldwasser was unwittingly right. When Mme. de Narbonne wanted to spit she spat on the floor, the Old Régime being less fussy than Mr. Gizzick.

The Duchesse is therefore the precursor of that vast army of ladies who run arch and whimsy cake-and-teashops nowadays called "The Loveaduck" and "Wendy's Wee Hoosie." What she'd say if she knew one would scarcely care to conjecture.

Contretemps

WHEN an operatic tenor stabbed himself accidentally the other night in a burst of lyric fervour one evening paper said it happened in Toulon, another in Toulouse. The difference is important.

In Toulouse such a mishap would be natural. Life burns with a hard gemlike flame of intensity in that rose-red town, tenors sob and gargle violently, their eyes roll and their tonsils rattle, their gestures are fierce and ample. It's the Midi, the fierce sunshine, the garlic, the flowers, the proximity of the Pyrenees, the romantic influences of Clémence Isaure and the Reine Pédaque, all acting on tenors as valerian does on cats. Toulon on the other hand, though equally southern, is a big naval base full of matlows, mainly Bretons, who incline to give tenors the razz—and who shall blame them, seeing how tenors behave towards good women? Sailors are naturally averse to lewdness. Their forms are of the manliest beauty, their heart is kind and soft, faithful below they do their duty and then they go aloft. In Toulon it would be nerves rather than ecstasy which led to such a mishap, we guess. At the same time sailors temper severity with kindness. You probably remember the old story of the large hoarse soprano at the Portsmouth music-hall. Amid a storm of criticism the voice of a stoker was heard from the gallery bawling: "Give the poor ole — cow a chance!" The soprano stepped to the footlights and cried huskily: "Thank Gawd there's one gentleman in the 'ouse!"

D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

BUBBLE and SQUEAK

THE newspaper man was appointed film critic. He didn't want the job, but was told to take it, or else . . . So he would drift in to see pictures and when he came out he would rush across the street to the chemist's and order an aspirin and a glass of water.

The assistant came to know this unwilling film critic, and as soon as he saw him crossing the street on his reviewing days, would fill a glass of water and place an aspirin beside it. The critic never talked much; just swallowed the aspirin, paid, and walked out.

Came the day, however, when the critic dashed in before the assistant had time to act.

"Quick!" cried the critic. "Two aspirins and a glass of water!"

"Two aspirins?" asked the assistant in surprise.

"You heard me. They showed a double feature."

A FEW schoolboy "howlers":

Wool-gathering is the chief activity of the Australians.

An oval is another name for a cricket-pitch.

Mephistopheles is the stage name of the Devil.

Vodka is a well-known river in Russia.

A venue is a native of Venice.

A MAN and his wife were sitting together in the lounge one evening. The telephone rang and the man answered. He said, on the 'phone, "How on earth should I know? Why don't you call the Coast Guard?" Then he hung up and returned to his newspaper.

The wife asked: "Who was that, dear?"

The husband said, "I haven't the faintest idea. Some silly jerk wanted to know if the coast was clear."

IN the grammar class the teacher wrote on the blackboard: "I ain't had no fun all the summer." Then she asked a youngster in the front row:

"What should I do to correct that, Jimmy?"

Jimmy thought for a moment.

"Mebbe—get a boy friend?" he suggested helpfully.

IT was a terrific boxing match. Fifty thousand spectators cheered themselves hoarse as the boxers stood toe to toe and slugged each other with dynamite rights and lefts.

Suddenly one of the men crumpled to the canvas. The crowd went mad. The boxer took a count of three and then got up. In a few seconds he was floored again. The crowd went crazy. Fifty thousand voices rose in one great, sustained roar.

The fighter on the canvas took a count of one-two-three-four. The roar of the crowd increased in volume. Suddenly the fallen fighter leaped to his feet and faced the bellowing multitude.

"Stop that fool howling!" he yelled. "How do you expect me to hear the count?"

AFTER many years of wedded bliss, a man's wife passed away and the bereaved husband had her ashes put into a beautiful urn, which he placed directly above the fireplace in his living-room. Heedless friends fell into the habit of flicking their cigar ashes into the urn. His brother from Chicago arrived some weeks later and remarked with surprise: "Say, your wife is gaining weight!"

A STORY is told about the irate wife of a film-star who had gone fishing and left her alone. A friend called to see her husband, and the wife told him: "Just go down to the bridge and look around until you find a pole with a worm on each end!"



THE STRAW MAN in *The Wizard of Oz*, now transferred to the Saville, is played by Walter Crisham. Basil Dean's production sees this celebrated fairy story, first widely popularised by the screen, well on the way to classic rank. It proved so successful during its matinee season at the Winter Garden Theatre that it is now playing evenings as well. It was adapted for the stage by Janet Green, and other players include Fred Kitchen, Jun., as the Tin Man, Claude Hulbert as the timid Lion and Raymond Lovell as the Wizard



Evans, Wallingford

South Oxfordshire Drag Hunt Ball

A group at the S. Oxfordshire Farmers' Drag Hunt Ball at Mongewell Park, near Wallingford.
Seated: Mr. H. W. Batchelor, Mrs. Stanley Hymans, Mr. Stanley Hymans (Master), Mrs. A. Roberts (Ball committee secretary), S/Ldr. A. Roberts. Standing: Mrs. and Mr. Arnold, Mrs. H. W. Batchelor, Mr. and Mrs. Merrick Hymans, Major F. A. S. Hinton (Hunt secretary), Mme. Dinah Sjosteen, a Swedish visitor, and the Rev. H. G. Webber

Saboteur

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

"SUCH men are dangerous!" The reference was to those who had lost their bow-windows, and were no longer of "fair round belly with good capon lined." Caesar hated and detested those "of lean and hungry look," and wanted around him only men that were fat. It is lucky for that early tourist to this country that he was not condemned to live here in the period 1939 to 1951. Life would have been one long nightmare.

We of sterner stuff do not see a murderer's sinister visage in every starveling face and flapping waistcoat, and have become so inured to John Bull's emaciated body, that, nevertheless, goes marching along, that we are shocked when we see one that completely fills two seats in an omnibus, or gets jammed in a stall at the playhouse. After nigh upon seven years of a "potato-and-point" existence, we are now asked to face up to another three, and find out still more about the privations which jockeys on the waste have to endure.

Incidentally, and for the information of those about to make the experiment, it is those last two pounds which are the absolute worst. Ask anyone who has tried it, just in case you do not believe someone who has done it. "Such men are dangerous," and they *do* think too much—upon vanished beef-steaks and mutton-chops!

Jumping Gossip

A SOMEWHAT trite heading, but, I suggest, apposite if it is of the National we talk, and even of Cheltenham. There is really only one yard-stick for Aintree—Aintree. Cheltenham, that fine galloping course with no peculiarly vulgar fences, is almost anyone's "pidgin," and therefore it would seem to be easier to gossip about it and leave Aintree strictly alone until we get the final acceptances.

There are so many of us who see a future winner in the very last one. It is a harmless and quite forgivable weakness, but sometimes a bit expensive. For instance, my hard-riding little friend in Dublin is quite convinced about Halcyon Hours for the Gold Cup, and scoffs at the idea of Revelry, the "discovery" for the National; and on the other hand, someone came away from Birmingham equally firmly convinced that Mrs. Gardner's Montcalm would kill them all for stride at Cheltenham, and that it is a pity he is not in the National; and yet

again someone from Cheltenham said that Royal Cottage was the *beau ideal* for the big Cheltenham 'chase, whatever he might be for the Aintree fortifications.

I cannot contradict or confirm any of them, because things have not been kind enough to me of late to permit me getting out and about; but I think I may be allowed to go thus far and say: "Don't get anything too fixed in your eye because he makes easy fences look even easier than they are," and in this race that Royal Cottage won it is as well not to forget that there was a little fighter named Jack Finlay a good fourth and only beaten for pace in the run-in. He was a very dangerous challenger in last year's National and came with a wet sail at the finish. Whether, if his jockey had had all the open sea he wanted—and I don't think any of them had—he would have got there I do not know.

It is a dangerous thing to say, but they tell me that Jack Finlay does not know how to fall. He jumped Aintree last year like a real professor, and, best of all, he never lost his form even when they had got to the end. Lots of them will fly like skylarks when they are fresh; it is what they do when they are tired that ought to interest us.

The Cough Pest

THE horse in which so many of us are interested, the beautiful grey, War Risk, has been smitten by this curse, and even though March 28 is still some distance away, and young Bruce Hobbs knows quite enough about it not to hurry him, it is the kind of thing that sets them back almost worse than any other.

Of all the curses—bar, of course, a downright breakdown, which, at any rate, lets you know quite definitely where you are—a cough is the cussedest. Go on with him if it seems a bit better, and you may break his wind; wait, and every day robs you of time you cannot get back. The stomach cough is the worst, in my experience where horses are concerned, and takes the most curing, though equine laryngitis is a close second and is far more serious in the horse than the sore throat with which you and I are familiar.

It would be shocking luck if this recent attack is going to stop War Risk. The Grand Sefton, which he won absolutely as he liked, is over 2 miles 7½ furlongs of Aintree, quite far enough

to let them have a thorough good look at the fences, and War Risk had the race won from Becher's in—quite a distance. They were backing Dunshaughlin for more money than War Risk, but the very first one got him. I am afraid that it helped to shake his nerve still further, for he had had a previous bumper over this course in the National. It is probable that he has never recovered, for even Cheltenham seemed to have put the shakes into him, since he did everything but fall in the Newent 'Chase on January 18th.

Grand National Weights

THE fairest thing to do would seem to be to wait until March 18th and see how many owners think that the handicapper has done a good job of work. At the moment of the publication of Mr. D. G. Sheppard's allotments, the policy of some of the critics seems to have been "ere's a stranger: 'eave 'alf a brick at 'im!" The prime complaint was that he had stopped Prince Regent by giving him the maximum (12 st. 7 lbs.), 2 lbs. more than he had last year. This remains to be proved. Mr. Sheppard was detailed by the N.H.C. to make this handicap, the official incumbent being Sir Kenneth Gibson. He has put Prince Regent in on 14 lbs. better terms (actual weights carried) with Lovely Cottage, last year's winner. Before the Anchor Bridge in last year's National, Prince Regent had a 10-lengths lead of the lot of them. What happened from that point in everyone who saw the race must know. If it had been a 20-lengths lead, I personally believe that the loose horses—two of them, in particular, absolutely hugged him—would have done just the same. Interference at the end of a long and strenuous journey is a far more serious thing than it is early on, when a horse is fresh. I cannot endorse the opinion that Mr. Sheppard has beaten the favourite, and further, I believe Prince Regent to be every whit as good a horse as the former paladins who have won with 12 st. 7 lbs. Lovely Cottage and Jack Finlay are also fairly treated; Housewarmer, who finished fourth, was a well-beaten horse. He has got 4 lbs. more than he had last year, but 10 st. 6 lbs. is no stopper. Perhaps he might have been left where he was. However, let us wait and see. Just a little P.S. about Cheltenham: if Chaka runs for the Gold Cup, I believe that there are few "otter" tips.

HUNTING
NOTES

MR. MICHAEL BERRY and his sister, Mrs. Avice Long, took over the joint-Mastership of the Woodland Pytchley Hounds this season, keeping Cecil Gooch as hunstman, and the country is being hunted two days a week—on Wednesdays and Saturdays. Sport, so far, has not been above average, though with so many difficulties to contend with, this is not surprising, but everyone has been enjoying themselves, which is, after all, the main reason why most of us go out hunting.

With a satisfactory number of puppies out at walk, and with the active co-operation and support of the farmers everywhere in the country—who, with their families, make up the large proportion of our field—we can feel confident of the future.

FOLLOWING the very successful Hunt Ball of the Hertfordshire Foxhounds at St. Albans, when the attendance was 370, these hounds met at Kensworth and had a capital day. A good fox from Kensworth Corse took them to Deadmansea and Beechwood Big Wood before going on to Greencroft Barn, next sinking the valley to the Dagnall road, where, after making a 4-mile point, he was headed and turned back to run on to Lamb's Spring, and into the Big Wood where fresh foxes intervened. On a holding scent, hounds were running continuously from 11.15 to 3.15, and were unlucky not to kill.

AT a meet before the frost closed down, Whaddon Chase Hounds had a fast run on a fox from Aston Abbotts before losing him between Rowsham and Berton. Another, from Wing Spinneys, entered a drain running the length of the aerodrome and was next viewed heading for Cottesloe. By this time, scent was poor, and he was given up near Cublington. At Mentmore, on 23rd, hunting had to be abandoned.

BETWEEN the snowy periods scent improved, and sport in Lincolnshire was "good in parts." Two topping gallops with the Blankney atoned for previous disappointments. A wry-necked fox from the Fumard Pits kept hounds moving for over an hour and they were getting close to his brush when, in the extremity of his distress, he chanced upon an open earth. Many came to grief, and more than one topper was concertina-ed beyond recognition. The Belvoir have been kept in kennels by a form of influenza amongst the Hunt horses, but when they resumed at Cranwell Aerodrome, the officers and others from the camp enjoyed quite a good hunt and hounds were not stopped until they ran into a bank of fog in the Blankney country.

At the time of writing, the snow is knee-deep and all hunting has been brought to a standstill.

A GREAT day with the Beaufort from Alderton in mid-January provided a 4½-mile point in the morning and a 6½-mile point in the afternoon. The first from New-Covert to beyond Sopworth, the second from Allengrove to the bridge at Hyam where hounds were stopped. A few saw a great hunt on the 16th from Cleeve Wood to beyond the White Horse on the Downs, where they rolled him over after a 7-mile point. Altogether sport has been brilliant, but the deep going and coughing have taken their toll of the horses. We hear Ferelith and her new horse were so keen to take on a fence that near-disaster resulted. Poor Bert had a painful fall on the road at Dauntsey.

The hunt ball at Badminton was a very great success and much enjoyed by all. Our thanks to the organisers and to Master and Mary for the loan of Badminton. We hear a few were nearly there for breakfast owing to car-key trouble: The next night Arthur's party—also at Badminton. Master's performing donkey seemed to us "dangerous at both ends and werry uncomfortable in the middle." Hats off to the trainer. And then blizzard, frost and—Foot and Mouth! Let us hope for better things.



An OCTU Team with an Unbeaten Record

Out of twelve matches played, the Armoured Corps Octu 1st XV. have distinguished themselves by winning all games, scoring a total of 308 points for, with only 31 points against. Back Row: O/Cdts. P. Herdon, S. N. Anderson, P. Wright-Nooth, D. Anderson, A. E. Dean. Centre Row: O/Cdts. J. H. Lockwood, S. McMillan, I. Sutcliffe, G. R. Barkess, R. S. Lloyd, W. Darling, W. P. Tolpuut. Sitting: O/Cdts. W. Joss, J. Brandrum, P. Bainbridge (capt.), Capt. D. S. Bray, B. G. Eveleigh. On ground: O/Cdt. J. M. Lawson, Tpr. W. A. Chiswell

Scoreboard



the gates closed." Curious metaphor, trope, or what not—if you choose to spare a moment from high thinking and low conversation—"a sea of faces." Yet not so pointless as you might suppose, as the Zulu said to the guest-Fakir who sat on a rusty assegai.

Faces, like the sea, may be blue or green, rough or smooth. Like the sea, they may suffer at times, especially closing, from ground-swell, and, in tropical zones, they are known to be luminous or iridescent.

BACK to Chelsea, as Thomas Carlyle shouted to the surprised cabman after a fruitless search for the nightingale of Berkeley Square. It was at Stamford Bridge the other day that I met a Midland Soccer fan who told me how on his home ground it is far more difficult to pack the high-ups than the odds and clods; a problem oligarchic rather than democratic.

He was, he averred, a friend of their local, and honorary, ground-packer, who put the matter like this: "Our small-time spectators may, and do, get in and out as best they can. My chief trouble is with the Directors. If I can see the third button and fourth Bowls medal on their waistcoat, then there's plenty of hope. If I catch only an occasional glimpse of their diamond horseshoe tiepin, then they're slipping. If, with a powerful telescope, I can merely descry the advertising space on the tops of their heads,

I know the situation is critical. When nothing is left but the underneath of their cloth-topped buttoned boots, well, you get the bar shut."

AS to cricket. If I can read that another Australian spectator has wandered, with his shirt hanging out of his trousers, as at Melbourne, into the middle of a Test match and shaken hands with the English players and has asked them how things are back in the Old Country, and has told them how along in his own little place he has in the front-parlour an oleograph of Mr. Gladstone and a photograph taken from the Vauxhall End of the Kennington Oval, and has asked Hammond whether it isn't time the bowling was changed and has disappointed his wife by involuntarily calling at the Police Station instead of dutifully returning home with a pound of sausages and the latest score—if, I repeat, I can read of that sort of thing, or of something passably like it, then I shall sit back, up to the shoulder-blades, and lapse into dreamy recollection of Len Braund at first slip against Hampshire at Bournemouth, catching a rare snick by Philip Mead with one hand and explaining a recent fluke at billiards with the other, or of the Northamptonshire batsman halting Harold Larwood in the middle of that rhythmic awesome run-up and crying out, "Stop; I am suffering from the wind."

BUT if, as signs suggest and that helpless old lady Fate determines, I must read that the Australian umpires can talk but neither see nor hear nor feel, that the England cricketers only speak to each other to enquire the time and the date, that Hammond, after eighty Test matches, doesn't know square-leg from a coal-shovel, then I shall sit up and know, as if I didn't already, that we are in the Year of Progress 1947 and that Test cricket is putting us on the way to losing the very causes of cricketing.

R. R. Roberts Glasgow.





In the Chinese Manner

These drawings are from the collection of Robert Payne, author of *Journey to Red China* (Heinemann; 8s. 6d.), the description of a journey to Yennan and the areas liberated by the Chinese Communist armies. Mr. Payne also wrote *Chungking Diary*



ELIZABETH BOWEN'S BOOK REVIEWS

"War in Val d'Orcia"

"Peace Breaks Out"

"R.A.A.F. Over Europe"

"Memoirs of Mipsie"

"WAR IN VAL D'ORCIA," by Iris Origo (Cape; 10s. 6d.), is, as far as I know, the first record to reach us of the war in Italy from the civilian angle. As such, alone, it would be of considerable human interest, but it is a good deal more. This is a diary; the first entry dated January 30th, 1943, the last, July 5th, 1944. It is the diary of a woman, and of a woman whose never-ceasing concern was for the safety and well-being not only of her own household, workpeople and guests (these being, for the duration, twenty-three refugee children from bombed Italian cities), but of her neighbours along the valley.

Marchesa Origo, English by birth, spent the war with her husband on his estate in Southern Tuscany. Their sympathies were never with the Axis; but, by remaining at their post of responsibility, they could not but be closely involved in Italy's fate. Living among the people—and, as one feels more and more as the book goes on, in a sort of semi-parental relation to them—they were to be exposed, with them, to the full brunt of war: to which was added, for the Origos, the strain of decisions affecting many lives.

In the Preface, the scene is set; the nature of the community described. La Foce, the Origos' sixteenth-century villa, "stands on a hillside, looking down over a wide and beautiful valley, beyond which rises Monte Amiata, wooded with chestnuts and beeches. Nearer by, on this side of the valley, lie slopes of cultivated land: wheat, olives and vines, but among them, still stand some ridges of dust-coloured clay hillocks. . . The wide river-bed in the valley holds a rushing stream in the rainy season, but during the summer a mere trickle, in a wide desert of stones."

The Val d'Orcia bakes unbearably in the mid-summer heat; is raging over, in winter, by the icy and furious *tramontana*. The valley farms—fifty-seven in number, in 7000 acres, and housing some 600 souls—are widely scattered: each of them, however, is in close touch with the central farm, or *fattoria*—not far from this are the school, the welfare clinic, the men's institute and the one local shop. The nearby Casteluccio, ancient castle, has within its walls the priest's house and the church.

The whole, the Marchesa tells us, forms a complete, self-supporting little world—the nearest village is five, the nearest railway station twelve miles away. "The land . . . is worked according to the *mezzadria* system—a profit-sharing compact which has been in use in Tuscany since the thirteenth century. The compacts drawn up between owner and husbandmen to-day are almost identical with those drawn up six centuries ago. . . The interests of the landowner and farmer are

fundamentally the same, and in general their relationship has been a satisfactory one. It is not quite that of landlord and tenant, nor certainly that of employer and employee—it is more intimate than the former, more friendly than the latter. It is a partnership."

* * *
GRASP of the lay-out of the community is, I think, necessary for full understanding of the book. It explains, also, how these Val d'Orcia people—already so closely members one of another, and with centuries of strong common interest behind them—stood the strain and became, in the heat of war, even more closely welded together.

I have tried [the Marchesa says] to avoid political bias and national prejudice. But we are all affected, far more deeply than we know—not by the theories, but by the mental climate of the world in which we

live. . . . It will, I think, be obvious that I love Italy and its people. But I have become chary of generalisations about countries and nations; I believe in individuals, and in the relationships of individuals to one another. When I look back upon these years of tension and expectation, of destruction and sorrow, it is individual acts of kindness, courage or faith that illuminate them; it is in them that I trust. I remember a British prisoner-of-war in the Val d'Orcia helping the peasant's wife to draw water from the well, with a ragged, beaming small child at his heels. I remember the peasant's wife mending his socks, knitting him a sweater and baking her best cake for him, in tears, on the day of his departure.

These—the shared, simple acts of everyday life—are the realities on which international understanding can be built. In these, and in the realisation that has come to many thousands, that people of other nations are, after all, just like themselves, we may, perhaps, place our hopes.

As a diary, *War in Val d'Orcia* is unusually impersonal—almost, at the beginning, too much so—one receives the impression that the writer is deliberately banishing herself, and what would normally be her nearest and dearest preoccupations, from her own mind. The first of the refugee children—from Genoa—arrive at La Foce on the mid-winter day of the first entry; to be warmed and fed with soup, comforted by toys: even so, "two of them, poor babies, cry themselves to sleep." After that, we have a diagnosis of the different kinds of Italian views and feeling current early in 1943: the writer has friends all over the country, and can still (so far) keep in touch by letter and, sometimes, travel, with Rome and Florence.

As the book, or, rather, the diary, proceeds, communications with the Italy outside the Val d'Orcia become more and more uncertain; finally, break down. This cutting-off synchronises with the increase of physical danger for the community in the Origos' charge, and with the multiplication of pressing (and, as the situation complicates, increasingly complicated) problems to be faced and decisions taken by the husband and wife. As, thus, the scope of the diary narrows down, the entries cannot but become more concrete, more personal, more revealing of the writer herself, and, one cannot deny, more moving at the same time. Tiny details stand out like world events—as, indeed, they are the events of this encompassed, bewildered and, ultimately, courageous valley world.

The diary—as may be inferred from its dates—covers the Axis withdrawal from North Africa; the Allied landing in Sicily; Cassino; Italy's request for an armistice; Mussolini's resignation, arrest, and rescue by the Nazis; Italy's declaration of war on Germany; the agonisingly slow advance of the Allies up Italy; the terrible and



Karl Rankl, musical director of the Covent Garden Opera Company, and his wife in their London home. He was born in Austria and has himself composed many works, including songs and symphonies. He also plays the piano and violin. Besides his musical interests he is a connoisseur of painting and owns one of Dame Ethel Walker's finest flower pictures

revengeful resurgence of Fascism; the daily expectation of further Allied landings somewhere along the coast; the heavy garrisoning and fortification of the Tuscan countryside by Germans on the defensive; and the chaos produced by the triple rule of German Army authorities, neo-Fascists and roving partisan, or patriot, bands—belated Italian equivalent of the Maquis.

Early in 1943 the Casteluccio has been commandeered for the reception of fifty British prisoners of war: the Italian armistice confers on these men the (under the circumstances) dangerous benefits of freedom—where should they be advised to go to; what advised to do? The Monte Amiata forests are to be filled by men in hiding—British and Dominion ex-prisoners; Italian deserters; hot-headed partisans; youths who have fled from home rather than report for military service under the Nazis or neo-Fascists. Tales of terror—threats, arrests, executions—come from the neighbouring country towns: Montepulciano, Chianciano, Chiusi. All the time, there increases the tempo of the bombing by Allied planes, the machine-gun raking of lonely country roads. All the time, as the Allies advance, battle is coming nearer—till, finally, Val d'Orcia is in the battle-front. A German battery takes up its position at La Foce, counter-bombardment begins, and the long-anticipated and dreaded flight (on foot, across country) of the Marchesa, a few devoted women, her own two small children and the twenty-three others has to be undertaken.

THE diary is impossible to summarise; and its atmosphere is hard to define in words. More and more, as one reads, do the small, homely scenes stand out—the birthday party in the garden, the innumerable daring little shifts and contrivances, the alarms and visitations, the walling-up of possessions, the despair when the dogs are left behind.

I think few accounts of life at a troubled time can have ever kept a truer, saner proportion.

That Tuscan countryside and its people have, through the centuries, been no strangers to war; though our days are, alas, shown them its greatest horrors. An impression of mediævalism—its pieties as well as its primitiveness—was left with me, reading *War in Val d'Orcia*: some of the scenes described are Biblical—and Biblical in the terms of the early Italian frescoes. Especially this—the end of the stumbling march (June 1944) from La Foce, with the long trail of children:

We got to San Biagio, at the foot of the Montepulciano hill, and there sat down in a ditch for a breather before the last pull. We were very tired now, and a dreadful thought came over us: "What if the Braccis should have left? What if we find no shelter here?" But as we sat there a little group of Montepulciano citizens appeared, then yet another: they had seen us from the ramparts and were coming down to meet us with open arms.

"PEACE BREAKS OUT" (Hamish Hamilton; 10s.) will answer, for Angela Thirkell readers, what must have been for some time now a burning question—how did Bassetshire "take" the peace? Characteristically, with equanimity, and with its head just a little on one side, we may be certain. The weather (which never had been quite up to the mark since 1914) left, faithfully, much to be desired, and several local functions had to be put off to make way for celebrations. VE-Day, the General Election, VJ-Day—one can hardly wonder that an exhausted sigh travelled along the valley of the River Rising, that Cupid began to let off his darts even more erratically than usual, that even Barchester Close showed signs of psychological wear and tear, or that there

BOWEN ON BOOKS

were those who recalled, with a certain wistfulness, the more tranquil routine of the embattled years.

Young George and Sylvia Halliday, of Hatch House, Hatch End, have now to face up to a civilian future; shy Anne Fielding (last pupil of the late, great Miss Bunting) grows up, with a personality better suited to the *Persuasion* epoch than to the exigencies of a Brave New World; David Leslie does really dally with the idea of marriage (thereby creating tempest in at least one heart); Lady Emily continues not to turn a hair; and Lady Graham, that "sweet idiot," excels herself—need one say more?

By the end of the novel, our friends seldom notice the peace; and, when they do, mind it less than one might have feared. The introduction of Mr. Scratchard, highly artistic artist of local fame, is successful: nor, indeed, does *Peace Breaks Out*, with its apparently artless but never pointless scenes, at any point pall or flag. Mrs. Thirkell's astringency, gentle debunking smile and unvenomed funniness can never have come in better than in this context—this annal of how Bassetshire took the peace.

"R. A.A.F. OVER EUROPE" (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 10s. 6d.) was written for, and should satisfy, two publics—the many amongst us here who knew personally and honoured by repute Australian airmen; and the airmen's friends and relatives in their own country—to whom this story of prowess at this side of the world may be, in its fullness and detail, new. How great a part was played, both in the defence of these shores and in the attack upon the fortress of Europe, by Australian airmen based here, we ourselves may have yet to learn. By those who aspire to gain anything like a whole, retrospective view of the war, *R.A.A.F. Over Europe* should not be overlooked.

As a chronicle, it is tremendous—and it is varied: the first battle of France; secret missions after the fall of France; the Battle of Britain; sea rescues; mine-laying; convoy-harrying; the first daylight raids on Europe; the first thousand-bomber attacks; dam-busting; the battles above Berlin; smash-and-grab rescues of patriots awaiting execution in French prisons; D-Day operations; the battle of the buzz-bombs and the battle of the rockets; Arnheim, the Ardennes and the trans-Rhine fighting all come in. Character studies of individual airmen

are excellent: photographs (portraits, etc.) are in a group at the end.

We have an Introduction by Mr. Churchill and a Foreword by Air Vice-Marshal H. N. Wrigley, C.B.E., D.F.C., A.F.C. (Air Officer Commanding R.A.A.F. Overseas H.Q., 1942-46). Prepared by members of the staff of R.A.A.F. Overseas Headquarters, London, headed by F/Lt. S. T. Wright (who was assisted by Mrs. H. B. Martin), the book has been finally edited by Frank Johnson.

"MEMOIRS OF MIPSIE," by Mary Dunn (Methuen; 6s.), is a tribute paid by our dear Lady Addle of Eigg to her brilliant sister. Mipsie, you will recall, has already—bright as a kingfisher, predatory as a magpie—flashed across the pages of *Lady Addle Remembers* and *Lady Addle at Home*: this time she has a volume to herself. The dear old childhood days at Coots Balder are piously recollected: thereafter, we are invited by Lady Addle to pant in the train of Mipsie's rocket career. This perennial is much to be recommended—Mipsie survives all, including her sister's cooking, several marriages, and being purchased by "a particularly powerful sheikh."



Bassano
Earl and Countess Beatty with their son, David, Viscount Borodale, after the christening at the Grosvenor Chapel, South Audley Street, W. The godparents were Lord Louis Mountbatten, Brig. A. H. Head and Mrs. Leo d'Erlanger



Major Thomas C. Harvey, D.S.O., Private Secretary to the Queen, and his wife, Lady Mary Harvey, daughter of the Earl of Leicester, with their daughter, Juliet Elizabeth Mary, who was christened at St. Michael's Church, Aldershot



Surgeon-Lt. J. Spry Leverton and Mrs. Leverton with their son after he had been christened Peter Edward Spry at the church of St. Martin-by-Looe, Cornwall. The godparents were Miss L. Talbot, Capt. R. Chambers, Dr. E. L. Spry and Mr. P. Balmer

CHRISTENINGS



Van Ammel — Donn

Capt. I. F. Van Ammel, Royal Horse Guards, youngest son of Mr. F. C. Van Ammel, of Garthowen, High Road, Chigwell, Essex, married Miss Gillian Donn, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Donn, of 40 Devonshire Street, London, W.1, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street



Eden — Vivian

Capt. Robert John Pulleine Eden, son of Brig. H. C. H. Eden, C.B.E., M.C., and Mrs. Eden, of Penn House, Bramshaw, Lyndhurst, Hants, married the Hon. Rosemary Winifred Vivian, second daughter of the late Lord and Lady Swansea, of Caer Beris, Builth Wells, Breconshire, at Holy Trinity Church, Sloane Street

GETTING MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review of Weddings



Harrington — Chute

The Earl of Harrington, of Elvaston Castle, Derby, married Miss Ann Theodora Chute, only daughter of the late Major Challoner Chute and of Mrs. Anna Chute, of Dooneen, Patrickswell, County Limerick, at Caxton Hall, London



Clark — Maginn

Mr. Harlan Bendell Clark, Second Secretary to U.S. Legation, Jeddah, Saudi Arabia, married Miss Mary Patricia Maginn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Maginn, of Peterborough, at Christ Church, Steamer Point, Aden



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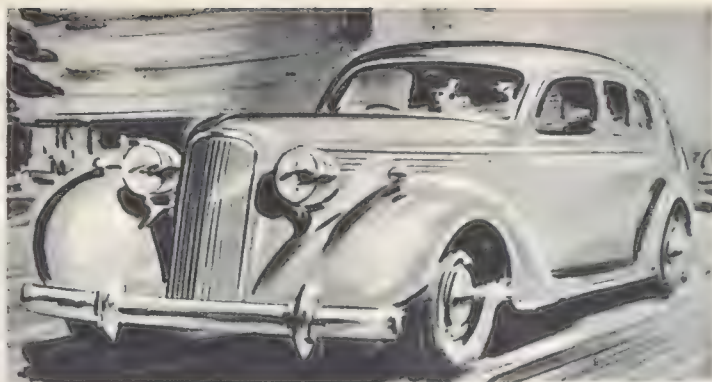
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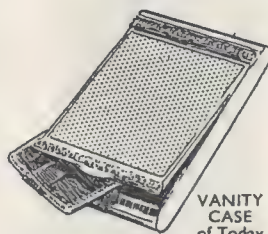
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18th Century



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Yet another aid to legitimate vanity was the patch box of the days of powdered hair. The XVIII century specimen shown above bears the motto.

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The effectiveness of the silhouette depends upon consistency from top to toe. This elegant hair style was created by Phillipe of Harvey Nichols Hair Salon to complement the slender outline of the dress which is from the same store. The two-strand choker pearl necklace and ear-rings are in the Jewellery Department

FASHION PAGE by Winifred Lewis

*Photographs by
Joysmith*

At night outlines alternate between the slim and sheathlike and the outward movement of bustle and peplum spotlighting the hips. A dinner dress in the former mood in black crêpe, pencil-slim, the deep neck outlined in flowered crêpe. A bolero of the same flowered silk accompanies the dress. The skirt is slit to the knee in front





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The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



Miss Priscilla June Corke, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. F. S. Corke of Sicklesmere, Bury St. Edmunds, has recently announced her engagement to Mr. Duncan Hammond-Chambers-Borgnis of Leckhamstead, Neibury, Berks



Miss Mary Stourton, elder daughter of the Hon. J. J. Stourton and the Hon. Mrs. Stourton of Withington, Gloucestershire, who is marrying the Earl of Gainsborough. She is a niece of Lord Moubray, Segrave and Stourton



Mrs Hugo Tweedie, younger daughter of Lt.-Col. Lord Francis Scott and the late Lady Francis Scott of Old Knebworth, Herts, whose engagement to Major David de Crespigny Smiley, O.B.E., M.C., Royal Horse Guards, is announced. Mrs. Tweedie is a cousin of the Duchess of Gloucester



Miss Ivy Letitia Tory, only daughter of Mr. Maurice N. Tory and the late Mrs. Tory of Spetisbury, Blandford, Dorset, has become engaged to Mr. John Murphy Harding, elder son of Mrs. A. M. Harding of Compton Abbas, Shaftesbury, Dorset



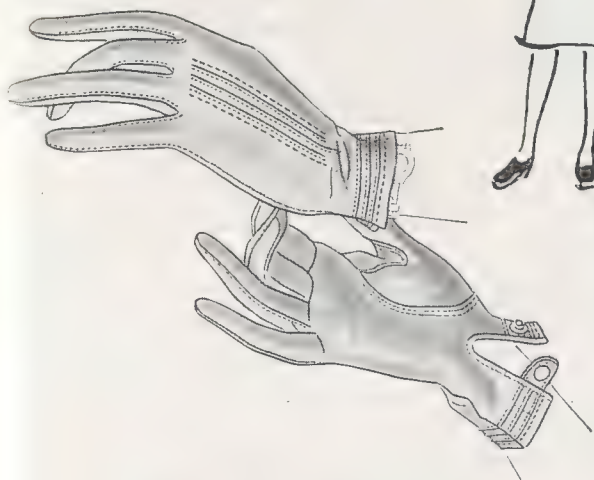
Miss Phæbe Barrett, daughter of the late Lt.-Col. C. C. J. Barrett, C.S.I., and Mrs. Barrett, is shortly to marry Major Michael Forbes, The King's Own Scottish Borderers. She served in the W.A.A.F. during the war



Miss V. Villiers, who is engaged to Dr. James Wilson, younger son of Dr. and Mrs. James Wilson, Redhurst, Irvine, Ayrshire, is the daughter of the late Mr. Edward Villiers and of Mrs. Villiers, Pine Acre, Sunningdale

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Oliver Stewarts on FLYING

THERE is a certain amount of apprehension about the high-sounding titles which are being given to our civil aerodrome managers. And they do certainly have a military flavour. Moreover those appointed to these positions are nearly all more or less elevated officers of the Royal Air Force.

When you hear that the Divisional Controller of Airports in a certain district is Air Marshal Sir Something or Other and that the Airport Commandant at one of the aerodromes is Air Marshal Sir Something Else, you cannot help wondering how civil, civil aviation has become.

The officers who have been appointed are all men of great experience, widely known and liked, who will certainly be efficient. But it does seem rather a pity that the military flavour of the appointments should be so pronounced in the titles of their posts. Civil airports ought to be open wide to everybody who wants to enter them. In fact they ought to try to attract members of the general public and to provide them with all possible amenities.

In the past they have sometimes had a rather penitentiary atmosphere. Innocent air travellers wandering on to the tarmac at Croydon, for instance, would immediately find one of the aerodrome police at their elbow ordering them off. But the police, if not always civil, were at least civilian. So let us be cautious about talking too freely of commandants and controllers for the new airports.

Speed Record Surprise

THE presentation of the Britannia Trophy to Group Captain Donaldson for his speed record work was a reminder that the record has stood longer than was expected at the time. Most people thought then that the Americans would be able to beat the 991 kilometres an hour because of their better weather conditions.

While Donaldson, Waterton and Duke were waiting



W/Cdr. David Ivor Goodwin, second son of the late Mr. and Mrs. C. W. E. Goodwin, of Hove, Sussex, who married Miss Francis June Hawthorne, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank F. Hawthorne, of Weaver Lodge, Uttroeter, recently

in cold, dreary weather down at Littlehampton, the Americans were enjoying at their testing ground warm, clear days. And speed records are now so much a matter of warm weather that we were seriously handicapped.

The first thought was that the Americans would take the record before the opening of the Paris show last November. That would have taken some of the glitter off the British exhibits which were rather grouped round the record Meteor. But the Americans found it more difficult to set a record under the stringent F.A.I. conditions than they expected.

However, we all hope that they will try again soon for world records are of value partly because they stimulate useful competition.

Tipsy Cake

ONE of the best ways of describing the Topsy Belfair light aeroplane is in that horrible R.A.F. phrase "piece of cake." It is a well tried design and it is suited in power, size and general arrangement to the light aeroplane flying conditions of today.

But the thing that appeals to me about this little machine is that it looks like a scaled down big machine. I can never get to like the little machine that looks abnormal. There have been, in the past, some very strange looking pushers, for instance, and although they seemed to behave well, they were so queer in appearance that they had difficulty in gaining confidence.

The Belfair is straightforward in looks and handling qualities and should find a market here directly light aeroplane flying gets on its feet, or on its wings, again.

New Eagle

THE Eagle engine is remembered in history as being the type that powered Alcock and Brown's first across-Atlantic Vimy. Now the Rolls-Royce company have decided to revive the name, but for a very different engine.

It is an H type engine with sleeve valves and the power at the moment is 3,500 h.p. An important feature is the direct injection system which feeds into the eye of the impeller. This is the logical method of using fuel injection in a super-charged engine.

Now it is difficult to know what to think of the new Eagle. It is obviously a fine piece of engineering. In fact it almost seems a shame that so much thought and so much ingenuity has gone into an engine which cannot have a very long life. For I think most people will agree that the gas turbine is going to push out the piston engine, at any rate in the high power.

We can, however, find a use for this engine for a few years and we can now admire the beauty of its workmanship and the excellence of its design.

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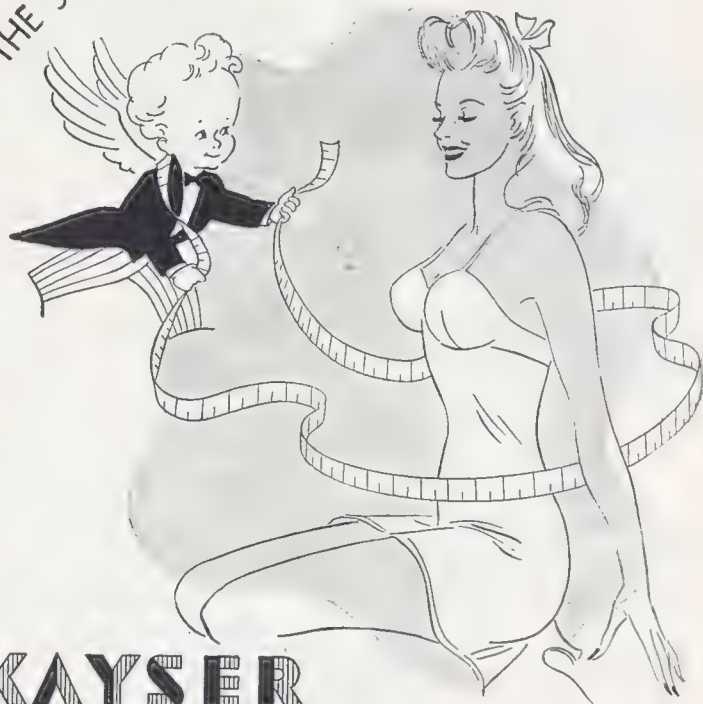


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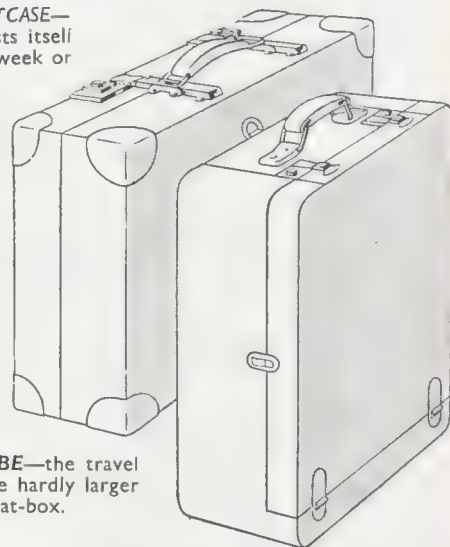
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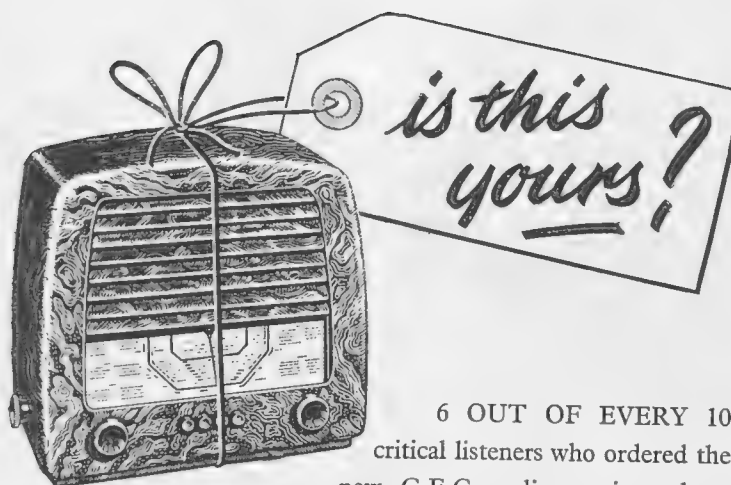


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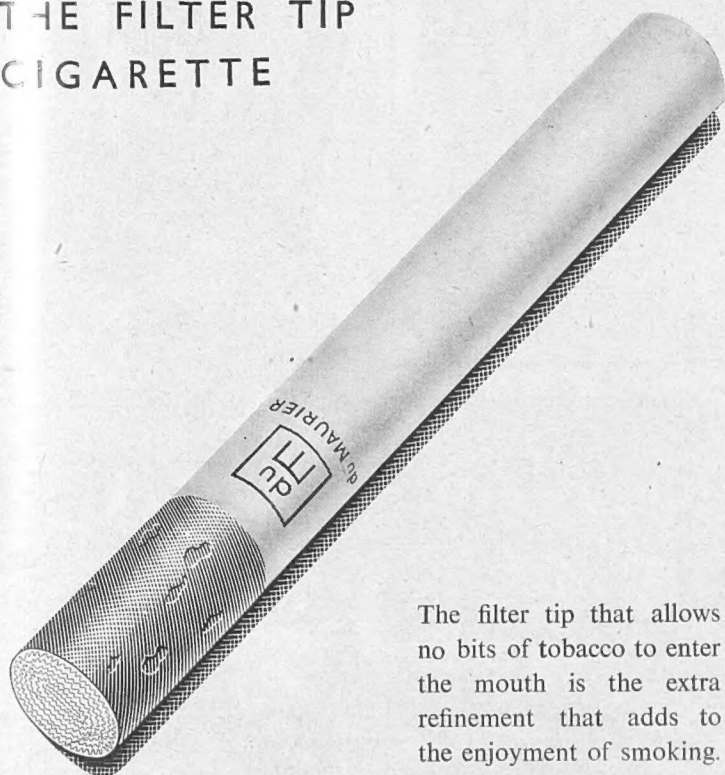
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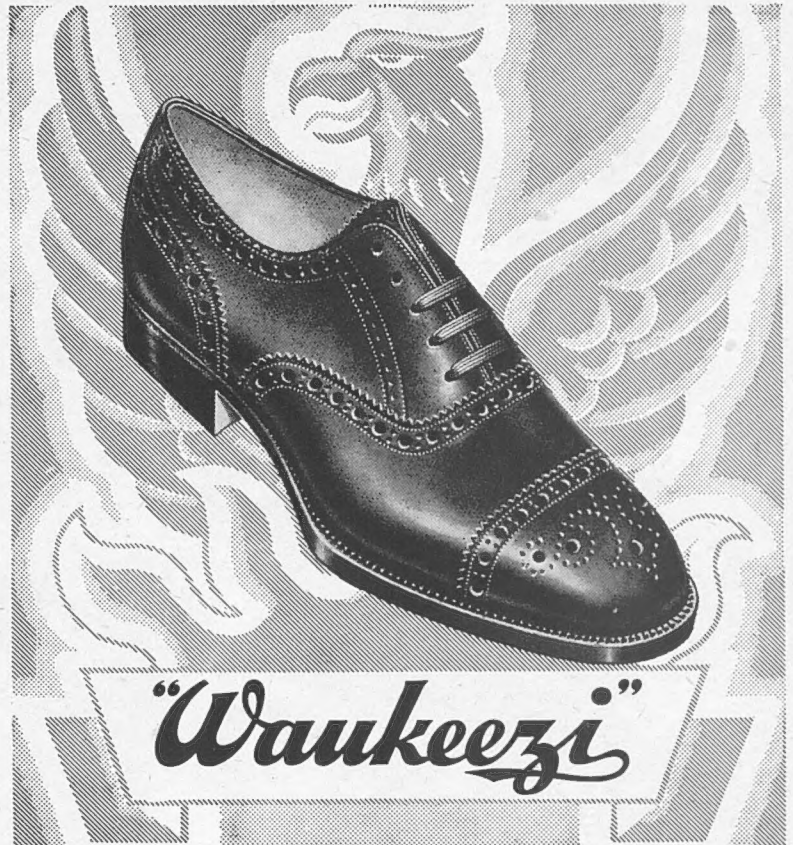
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